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J. H. MORISON,
E. PEABODY,
A. P. PEABODY,
F. D. HUNTINGTON, } EDITORS.

☞ All communications, as well as letters of business should be addressed to THE PUBLISHER.

STUDIES IN RELIGION.

This little book is evidently from the deep experience of a sensitive, religious soul, and will meet the wants and cravings of many others. It is not the highest. It shows no indications of "having attained"—of the profound peace in which is our home, but it is earnestly written from the midst of the struggle, and may do great good. The following is from the chapter called HOME.

That which can be shaken, is no true home for the soul: forms and opinions are but its transient abodes: its true rest lies behind these, in the bosom of the infinite, which is the great fact of which home is the expression. There are two realities, the soul and God, eternally repeated in parent and child,—guardianship, repose, strength on the one side, on the other need, restlessness, and weakness; the finite seeking the infinite, and the infinite descending into the finite, are the facts of which all life and nature are fables.

As the soul is son to the eternal, home is in the immortal and invisible; if we are believing in any thing that is temporary, we are liable to be disturbed by time and change; if we are living in any sentiment less than the highest, we are constantly exposed to pain and weariness; we are exiled, thence our doubts, our halfness; we are dwarfed, we are uncultivated; we live in houses too narrow, we, whose dominion is eternity.

As life shows how far we have wandered, it hints the mode of return. And how is this done? Simply in the elevation of the faith: while we have a low life, we have a low faith: while we have a low faith, we must have a low life. Let us do something heartily: if we believe in falseness, in halfness, in compromise, let us not be surprised that we act it out; the stream rises as high as its fountain: we act, as we stand: our life shows to us, our position: do we do a mean act, do we speak a malicious word? We believe in meanness, in malice, believe they will bring to us advantage, in some way; it is so hard to free ourself from the delusion, that sin is a giver: to be sure, we are greater than our faults, for we are sons of God, and they are the husks on which we degrade us, by feeding; but these vices reveal where we stand: another sees it, we see it too, and have the power of altering our position: we pass from that low ground and station ourself higher: if then, another say, we are mean or vain, they say, what is false; if they point to the act or word as proof, we reply, that it is a past position: they aim, where we are not. But in order to pass on, we must know where we are, and the true instinct of man makes works the proof of faith: if you are a hero, where is your prowess? if a saint, where your love and mercy?

Faith produces life; and faith in the spiritual, the presence of thought over passion, of love over selfishness, comes by inspiration. "No man can come to me," said the mystic of Judea, "unless the Father draw him." To attain any spiritual position, light and truth must dawn from on high: but the conditions to this are in our hands; we can draw this fire from heaven. We know, that to have thought on any subject, we must bring upon it the action of our intellect, that is, just so much thought as we possess, and then more comes: to have faith, in aught, we must exert that, in any degree, which we have, and more comes: love towards any object increases tenfold through exercise: we love that person best for whom we sacrifice the most: the parent, exhausts, care, feeling, life, upon the child: surely, the fount is dried by the lavish outlay: no, it only over-brims, the more it is drawn upon: if you save my life, I may possibly in the whirl and shifts of time, forget it; if I save yours, you have bound me to you forever: it is the giver feels gratitude, the lover, loves, the imparter receives: man may love God, but God must love man: the child is a sovereign, because all round him are chained to his feet, by their needed ministries: the child opposes and teazes the parent but the parent never vexes and troubles the child: man spurns at, and wrestles with God, but God can only love the infant of his bosom.

As love increases love, so does thought bring thought, and thought is the mother of feeling, and thought and feeling united, tend irresistibly to become life. Would we live spiritually, we must think on spiritual things: "consider" is the old bible word, and it comes from a deep experience: the true mode of spiritual growth is to *think*: certainly the action of the intellect alone is not sufficient: "the heart must believe:" but the tendency of thought is to deepen love: the more we think, the more we love it,—the more we love it, the more we think of it: thought and love play into each other's hands: the deeper the thought, the fuller the love, the more does it strive to become life: a genuine conviction always triumphs: let our thought be our deepest and truest, and it will work forth through word and deed, with more or less energy: but our thoughts are half-thoughts, our convictions half convictions, and no wonder they are so feeble against ambition and vanity, which are vigorous and wake: the odds are too great: it is the feeble to the strong.

We seem to ourselves, unjust to our principles, because in some calm hour, we are at peace with all mankind, but when trial comes, passion has the mastery: our principle is there, but it bows before that, which is stronger than it: we love our brother when he interferes with no plan, crosses no prejudice, wounds no sensibility of ours, but when he does this, love is scattered like chaff, before the wind of hate: our love is doubtless very brave, but vanity by force or stratagem wins the victory: might does not make right, but it shows that it is might, and nothing else.

Action flows from thought and love, and that, which is most predominant, will appear: all, that is within, tends to become the without: faith is continually passing into works, and these works in all the varieties of individual manifestation, tell the secret of the heart. We must have faith, indeed: "by it, were the heavens made:" no picture is painted, no poem sung, no life made divine, without the conscious presence of a reality, of which the outward is a phantasm: but works betray how much or how little of this is existent in any one: life, like some insects, shows by its color the leaf it feeds upon: and yet we feel an instinctive protest, at living thus tried by what we do: life does not tell our whole ideal: our short-comings are always in our way: most true, we are greater than our life; but it is, alas, a good mile-stone to show how far we have got along. But let us have patience with ourselves: the human soul, is a child, set down in the midst of new things, and it takes time to find the right course: here is a highway, without hill or winding, and there a bye-path of danger and difficulty; then again a dimness covers the eyes, and the paths melt one into the other, and the apples of promise wave, now on this side, now on that, and when the vertigo passes, we seem not to have moved a step. But let us be of good cheer: "God is never in a hurry:" the livers to the finite must haste and crowd, and vex themselves with toil and confusion, because their sun rises in the east, and hastens to its west: but the pilgrims for eternity may be serene: great space and scope is theirs for experiment and action.—God is absolute serenity: no shock announces the moment he incarnates himself: no ripple is at the junction of the seen and unseen; in the depths of ocean all is still, though the tempests sweep above.

It is not worth while to burden ourselves with the faults and errors of the past, if we are only steadily moving away from them. To be sure, our daily life is but a sad pigmy, to be born of such vast ideas and sublime prayers: but while we look upon it, it is vanished: and if we are true and free, another shadow of ourselves is being described around us, more fair and comely in its proportions: the deepest thought is tending to the strongest act: the most earnest feeling is continually moulding to itself the life. If love seem not now to have power over temptation, it is constantly gaining that power; failure is of time, success of eternity: the tide of passions and vanities that assail our convictions of truth and duty, must, gradually subside, as these assume their sovereignty; for truth and love are in their nature infinite, and necessarily attain and preserve sway over delusion and error, which are individual and finite.

And when the soul thus lives in and for the eternal, will it not have learned the spiritual fact, that underlies the mystery of the home-feeling, and that God has shadowed to the race, in the instinct by which the child clings to the roof that nurtured him, the patriot falls in defence of his fire-side, and the exile moans, in his dying delirium, for the breath of his native land? Man is unwittingly bound to God, through his deepest sympathies; the affections and impulses that fill finite life with pathos and beauty, are the very ties that unite it to the eternal and unseen.—Surely, the Father treats us, as wayward, yet beloved children: willing us to Himself, from all the circuitous forms and modes of being, by an instinct, that, amid the fulness of the transient, yearns for the enduring; so that,

"If goodness lead us not; yet weariness
May toss us to his breast."

[For the Christian Register.]

FARM SCHOOL.

By the kind invitation of Dea. Moses Grant, I was induced to accompany him to the Farm school on Thompson's Island; and the gratification I felt in this visit, impels me to call the attention of your readers to this truly beneficial institution, the full value of which I fear is not duly appreciated by the public.

The Island is yet but partially under cultivation, but sufficiently so to supply its inhabitants with vegetables and a considerable quantity of hay is cut for the cattle on the Island, and the Boston market. In the agricultural operations the boys are of course employed, in hours not required for their studies. As it was Sunday, I did not witness their labors, but attended on their religious services morning and afternoon in the School room, at which an order and attention were exhibited by one hundred boys from the most unpromising condition, which would be quite an example for many of our City congregations; and which filled me with agreeable surprise

The house containing this room is very large; strongly and compactly built of brick, exceedingly well planned; and the apartments capacious and commodious. I was strongly impressed with the view of the perfect order and neatness everywhere pervading all the arrangements; and when I was informed that these are sustained by the action of the boys themselves, I could not but reflect on the great advantage of these early imposed habits of order and economy, always so intimately connected with moral restrictions.

The elevated position of this edifice gives it a commanding and beautiful view of the surrounding Harbor, and the fresh breezes that play around it, so different from the hot exhalations of the City, are highly conducive to health: indeed owing to the salubrious situation of the place, the regular and simple diet, athletic labors, and daily ablutions of the pupils, sickness, I am told, is scarcely known on the Island.

The instructions given are also worthy of equal commendation: the exercises I heard and the books shown to me, convinced me that the attainments of the pupils here would compare favorably with those of most of our more favored schools of the City. Everything bore witness to the good judgment, faithfulness and attention of the Superintendent and his family.

Now it appears to me, that the triple design of drawing orphan youth from the corrupting vagrancy of the City; of imparting to them religious and scientific education, and inuring them to economical and productive labor, so useful in the present experiment, is really one of the greatest moral advancements of the age, and worthy of far more public attention than has hitherto been given to it. I am not sure that it may not indicate the solution of the great perplexing problem which has hitherto baffled all the vigilance of active philanthrophists—the immense prevalence and increase of pauperism and vice in civilized communities. The danger to our Republican institutions; and, what is more, to our quiet and our homes from the copious immigration of an ignorant and impulsive population and the evident increase of juvenile depravity, should fill every benevolent heart with anxious solicitations. Adult criminality can only be restrained by law; but that which may be expected from the rising generation may be prevented by less coercive and more effectual measures. Should such institutions as this Farm School, be so multiplied and improved, as to abstract all the youthful vagrants from the Cities and populous towns of the United States; placing them in rural districts, and subjecting them to agricultural habits and the moral discipline of Thompson's Island, we should obtain a surer redemption from impending political declension; a higher attainment of national greatness, than could be effected by all the legislation of our Country; a safer defence from all internal and external aggression, than could be afforded by fleets, armies and fortresses which should environ our extensive coasts.

If we turn our eyes to the sickening prospect of the immense juvenile vagrancy and depravity of London, Paris, and other cities of the older world, we see an evil at the extent of which all benevolence stands aghast, in despair of remedy; but should the sovereigns of those regions, taking the hint from our little Island—divert all the money now squandered on their enormous military establishments, and other mischievous lines, and employ it to drain all the dangerous population from their Cities and place them under the combined influences of productive agricultural labor and instruction; their thrones now tottering under the blows of popular discontent, would rest on the adamantine basis of national affection. I can conceive of no single measure, which would more tend to the promotion of a future, and not very distant millenium; millions of souls would be redeemed from ruin, and millions of wealth preserved from wasted charity. Will not America give this boon of humanity, as it has others, to festering and suffering Europe? *Sat verbum sapienti.*

J. P. B.

[For the Register.]

EXTRACT FROM AN OLD WILL.

In the name of God, I, A——m T——n, of Newbury, in the county of Essex, being at present through mercy in good health and of sound memory and understanding, blessed be God, do make this my last will and testament in manner following:—

First I commit my soul, both in life and death, into the hands of the almighty God,—my most merciful Creator through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ—my alone Saviour and ever blessed redeemer through the power and presence of his holy and good spirit,—my body to the earth whence it originally was taken, to be buried by my executors hereafter named, in hope of a happy resurrection in the great day of the *man* Christ Jesus, to whom be glory forever; and for those good things of this world which pleased God to commit to my care, and management during my pilgrimage in this present life.

March 25th, 1673.

Believing that the course of justice and Christian generosity is to let our brethren of other names speak for themselves, and always glad of an opportunity to do so, we copy the following from the "Watchman and Reflector."

WHAT DISTINGUISHES BAPTISTS?

Some weeks since, our excellent neighbor, the Congregationalist, would not accept our statement that the Baptist platform is distinguished rather by what it embraces in reference to the *subjects* than the *mode* of baptism. We find the same view taken of this subject by Rev. Dr. Williams, of New York, in his address at the division of the Hudson River Association. Dr. W. says:—

What is, to use a favorite phrase of the age, the MISSION OF BAPTISTS—their special duty, to which they are peculiarly called and specially adapted? It is, then, evidently, in the first place, and beyond all comparison with other and minor obligations, their duty to urge onwards, with all their fellow disciples of other Christian sects who "hold the Head," the universal proclamation of Christ crucified. This theme is the world's one hope, and Heaven's one gift and one law for the salvation of the race The peculiarities that divide us from our evangelical brethren are not to be made the whole of our gospel: our shibboleth is not to constitute our whole creed and decalogue. But on the other hand, these conscientious differences from other evangelical bodies are not to be surrendered at the demand of a spurious liberalism. We value them, not because they were the doctrines and practices of our immediate fathers, or because they are the traditionary heritage of our communion from past centuries, but we defend them because we find them in Christ's Scriptures, and we believe that his infinite wisdom put them not causelessly there, and that the dereliction of them will not be found practically harmless, or even safe. We hold not, as the chief and most prominent of these our sectarian badges, the *mode* of the ordinance, though we see in this, indeed, a beautiful expression of the spiritual death which the convert professes to die to his old idols, and of the everlasting allegiance which he avows through his new-found life to a risen Redeemer. But our chief burden of testimony respecting this initiatory rite, relates to the *subjects* rather than to the *mode* of the ordinance. We deny not the duty, and we renounce not the blessed privilege, more than do our Pædobaptist brethren, of nurturing children in the admonition of the Lord. But we see the foundation in the deepest philosophy of man's own spiritual nature, and in the elementary principles of the New Testament church and revelation, for those profound remarks of the mighty Pascal, where he deplores the ill consequences brought upon the later church in its departure from the *primitive* church, by giving the baptism before the nurture and education, where the early Christians made the catechumen's education and spiritual nature precede his baptism. We would have God christianize before we christen. We deny membership to the household, before penitence and regeneration have been shown in and by that household. For if we let in the *family* upon the church, we can then see no reason why, after the family grows into a *tribe*, and this tribe has expanded into a *nation*, we should, on this theory, shut out national churches, or refuse baptism to entire New England, on the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers. If the "seed" of the righteous are hereditary church members, they are as much so in the tenth as in the first generation; and after they have peopled a continent, as when they were all comprised in one nursery. Then the union of the church, the bride and wife of the Lamb, in a second, a bigamous and adulterous marriage with the Cæsar of worldly government, seems to follow as a necessary consequence. Now we would shut out the unconverted from the church, because the church is a spiritual society, whose membership is born, not of the will of man, but of God; and because the more of carnal and ungenerate membership you attach to this church, the spiritual body of Christ, the more you clog its life, cripple its disciplinary and aggressive energies; and the more you tend to expel that inhabiting Spirit, the Holy Ghost, who is the true vitality of Christ's church.

"BLESSED BE GOD! ALL IS RIGHT."—On board an East Indiaman was a pious boatswain, whom, on this account, the crew looked upon as a strange man. The ship was overtaken with a storm so dreadful, that after every effort to preserve life, the captain said, "All that could be done had been done—it was impossible the vessel could weather it." The ship seemed sinking; the captain withdrew into the cabin; the men were, some on their knees, and others with horror hanging on parts of the rigging. The boatswain had been very active, and apparently unalarmed, during the whole of the gale. At this moment, when a heavy sea struck the ship and seemed as it would instantly sink her, looking up with a smile, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, all is right!" and began to sing. The storm afterwards abated, and the vessel was saved. Thus amid the storms of life, on the dark ocean of death, and amidst the terrors of the judgment day, the Christian may still smile, and exulting exclaim, "Blessed be God! all is right."

TRUST GOD.—I could now write down twenty cases when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief. The life of a Christian is the life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on God; he must follow hard after him; he must determine not to let him go. And yet you must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where he places us; to be what he would have us be, and this is as long as he pleases.

"I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER."

When burdened is my breast,
When friendless seems my lot,
When earth affords no rest,
And refuge I have not not;
Father! if thou wilt suffer me,
I will arise and come to thee.

When conscience thunders loud,
When sins in dread array
Upon my memory crowd,
And fill me with dismay;
E'en then there yet is hope for me,
Father! I'll rise and come to thee.

When I have wandered far
Along the downward road,
And mountains seem to bar
My turning back to God;
Yet glancing once on Calvary,
Father! I'll rise and come to thee.

And if I am a child,
But have backslidden still,
And, filled with projects wild,
Have followed my own will,
Yet, penitent, resolved I'll be,
Father! to rise and come to thee.

With broken heart and sad,
I will retrace my way,
And though my case is bad,
Thy mercy is my stay;
With Jesus' blood my only plea,
Father! I'll rise and come to thee.

And thou in love wilt turn
To thy poor rebel child;
Nor let thine anger burn,
Though sin my heart beguiled;
Thy voice shall meet me graciously,
Arise! arise! and come to me.

And when my cheek turns pale,
And when I sink in death,
Though heart and flesh may fail,
With my expiring breath,
I'll whisper, Jesus died for me;
Father! I rise and come to thee.

[London Baptist Magazine.

INFLUENCE OF WINE.

ON THE ENDURANCE OF MENTAL EXERTION.

All that has been said of the influence of Alcoholic liquors on the developement and sustentation of Physical force, will equally apply to Mental power, since, whatever may be our views in relation between Mind and Matter, it is not now questioned by any Physiologist, that the Brain is the *instrument* by which all mental power is exercised in Man's present state of existence, and that the continued developement of this power is consequently dependent upon those conditions, which are favorable to the maintenance of the functional acivity of the Nervous system in general. These conditions we have seen to be (1)—The healthy nutrition of the nervous substance; and (2)—The due supply of highly oxygenated and deparated blood. The former process is certainly not *dependent* upon the assistance of alcoholic liquors; and from the considerations already urged, it seems in the highest degree improbable that they can be of the least advantage to it. The latter cannot in any degree be improved, but must be rather impaired, by the use of fermented liquors; which, is already stated, tends to deteriorate the quality of the blood, and to obstruct its oxygenation.

That the use of Alcoholic stimulants, however, is attended in most persons, with a *temporary* excitation of mental activity,—lighting up the scintillations of genius into a brilliant flame, or assisting in the prolongation of mental effort when the powers of the nervous system would otherwise be exhausted,—may be freely conceded; and it is upon such evidence as this, that the common idea is based, that it *supports* the system under the endurance of mental labor. This idea, however, is probably as erroneous, as the no less prevalent fallacy of regarding alcoholic liquors as capable of increasing the power of physical exertion. No physiological fact is better established, than that of the depression of the mental energy consequent upon the undue excitement of it, by whatever causes that excitement may have been occasioned; and the rapid and brilliant flow of thought which may have been called forth by the alcoholic stimulants, gives place, usually after a few hours, to the opposite state of languor and despondency.

The influence of Alcoholic stimulants seems to be chiefly exerted in exciting the activity of the *creating* and *combining* powers; such as gives rise to poetical imaginations, to artistic conceptions, or to the sallies of wit and humour. It is not to be wondered at, then, that men possessing such powers, should have recourse to alcoholic stimulants as a means of procuring a temporary exaltation of them; and of escaping from the fits of depression to which most persons are subject, in whom the imaginative and emotional tendencies are predominant. Nor is it to be denied, that many of those mental productions which are most strongly marked by the inspiration of genius, have been thrown off under the stimulating influence of alcoholic liquors. But, on the other hand, it cannot be doubted that the depression consequent on the high degree of mental excitement which is thus produced, is peculiarly great in such individuals, completely destroying for a time the power of mental effort; and hence it does not at all follow, that either the authors of the productions in question, or the world at large, have really benefited thereby. Morever, it is the testimony of general experience, that where men of genius have habitually had recourse to alcoholic stimulants for the excitement of their powers, they have died at an early age, as if in consequence of the premature exhaustion of their nervous energy; Mozart, Burns, and Byron may be cited as remarkable examples of this result. Hence, although their light may have burned with a brighter glow, like a combustible substance in an atmosphere of oxygen, the consumption of material is more rapid; and though it may have shone with a soberer lustre without such aid, we cannot but believe that it would have been steadier and less prematurely quenched.

We do not usually find that the men most distinguished for that combination of intellectual powers which is known as *talent*, are disposed to make such use of Alcoholic stimulants for the purpose of augmenting their powers; for that spontaneous activity of the mind itself, which it is the tendency of alcohol to excite, is not favorable to the exercise of the observing and purely reasoning faculties, or to the steady devotement of concentrated attention to any subject which it is desired to investigate profoundly. Of this we have a remarkable illustration in the habits of practised gamblers; who, when about to engage in contests requiring the keenest observation and the most sagacious calculations, and involving an important stake, always 'keep themselves cool,' either by entire abstinence, from fermented liquors, or by the use of those of the weakest kind in very small quantities. And we find that the greatest part of that intellectual labor which has most extended the domain of human knowledge, has been performed by men of remarkable sobriety of habit, many of them having been constant water-drinkers. Under this last category, it is said, may be ranked Demosthenes and Haller; Dr. Johnson in the latter part of his life took nothing stronger than tea, while Voltaire and Fonetnelle used coffee; Newton and Hobbes were accustomed to solace, not to excite, themselves with the fumes of tobacco. In regard to Locke, whose long life was devoted to constant intellectual labor, and who appears, independently of his eminence in hisspecial objects of pursuit, to have been one of the best-informed men of his time, the following very explicit and remarkable testimony is borne by one who knew him well. 'His diet was the same as other people's, except that he usually drank nothing but water; and he thought that his abstinence in this respect had preserved his life so long, although his constitution was weak.

Having for several years past been himself performing an amount of steady mental labor, which to most persons would appear excessive, the writer may be allowed to refer to his own experience, which is altogether in favor of Total Abstinence from alcoholic liquors, as a means of sustaining the power of performing it. Having been brought up as a water drinker, he never accustomed himself to the habitual use of alcoholic liquors; scarcely ever tasting them, except when occasionally led to do so by social influences, or when he believed that a small amount of stimulus would improve the 'tone' of his system, which is liable to a peculiar relaxation in certain states of the atmosphere. On determining, about four years since, to give up the occasional use of wine, &c., as a social indulgence, he still held himself free to employ it when he might think it likely to increase the general powers of his system; and for some time he continued to have occasional recourse to alcoholic stimulants (never exceeding a single glass of wine, or half a tumbler of bitter ale,) when he felt himself suffering under the peculiar depression just referred to. He gradually, however, found reason to doubt the utility of the remedy; and has for the last two years given it up. During these two years, he has gone through a larger amount of mental labour than he ever did before in the same period of time; and he does not hesitate to say, that he has performed it with more ease to himself than on his former system; and that he has been more free than ever from those states of depression of mental energy, which he was accustomed to regard as indicating the need of a temporary support to antagonize the depressing cause. In fact, he now finds that when these do occur, the use of alcoholic stimulants (taken even in very small amount (is decidedly injurious to him; diminishing rather than increasing, his power of mental exertion at the time; and leaving him still less disposed for it after their effect has gone off. He attributes this change to his entire disuse of alcoholic liquors under all other circumstances; and he cannot but believe that the results which he now experiences, and which have led him to relinquish these stimulants altogether, are the *natural* effect of them upon a healthy system; and that the benefits which some persons consider themselves as deriving from their use, arises from their simply removing *for a time* the depression which results (at a long interval it may be) from their *previous* employment."—[W. B. Carpenter.

MR. WHIPPLE'S ORATION.

For the benefit of our distant readers we make a long extract from Mr. Whipple's really able and eloquentFourth of July oration in this city. We remember no more vigorous exhibition of Washington's character, and we commend it to our youthful readers with an earnest request that they will not only read but thoroughly study it:—

"Indeed, if by the genius of action, you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence energised by will,—if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test,—and, especially, if great effects suppose a cause proportionably great, that is, a vital, causative mind,—then is Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equalled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds. His genius, it is true, was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought and the objects of thought solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men,—rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons,—who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate and govern those facts. Washington, in short, had that greatness of character which is the highest expression and last result of greatness of mind, for there is no method of building up character except through mind. Indeed, character like his is not *built* up, stone upon stone, precept upon precept, but *grows* up, through an actual contact of thought with things,—the assimilative mind transmitting the impalpable but potent spirit of public sentiment, and the life of visible facts, and the power of spiritual laws, into individual life and power, so that their mighty energies put on personality, as it were, and act through one centralizing human will. This process may not, if you please, make the great philosopher, or the great poet, but it does make the great *man*,—the man in whom thought and judgment seem indentical with volition,—the man whose vital expression is not in words but deeds,—the man whose sublime ideas issue necessarily in sublime acts, not in sublime art. It was because Washington's character was thus composed of the inmost substance and power of facts and principles, that men instinctively felt the perfect reality of his comprehensive manhood. The reality enforced universal respect, married strength to repose, and threw into his face that commanding majesty, which made men of the speculative audacity of Jefferson, and the lucid genius of Hamilton, recognise, with unwonted meekness, his awful superiority.

But, you may say, how does this account for Washington's virtues? Was his disinterestedness will? Was his patriotism intelligence? Was his morality genius? These questions I should answer with an emphatic yes, for there are few falser fallacies than that which represents moral conduct as flowing from moral opinions detached from moral character. Why, there is hardly a tyrant, sycophant, demagogue, or liberticide mentioned in history, who had not enough moral opinions to suffice for a new Eden; and Shakspeare, the sure-seeing poet of human nature, delights to put the most edifying maxims of ethics into the mouths of his greatest villains, of Angelo, of Richard the Third, or the uncle-father of Hamlet. Without doubt Cæsar and Napoleon could have discoursed more fluently than Washington on patriotism, as there are a thousand French republicans, of the last hour's coinage, who could prattle more eloquently than he on freedom. But Washington's morality was built up in warring with outward temptations and inward passions, and every grace of his conscience was a trophy of toil and struggle. He had no moral opinions which hard experience and sturdy discipline had not vitalized into moral sentiments and organized into moral powers; and these powers, fixed and seated in the inmost heart of his character, were mighty and far-sighted forces, which made his intelligence moral and his morality intelligent, and which no sorcery of the selfish passions could overcome or deceive. In the sublime metaphysics of the New Testament, his eye was single, and this made his whole body full of *light*. It is just here that so many other eminent men of action, who have been tried by strong temptations, have miserably failed. Blinded by pride, or whirled on by wrath, they have ceased to discern and regard the inexorable moral laws, obedience to which is the condition of all permanent success; and in the labyrinths of fraud and unrealities in which crime entangles ambition, the thousand-eyed genius of wilful error is smitten with folly and madness. No human intellect, however vast its compass and delicate its tact, can safely thread those terrible mazes. "Every heaven-stormer," says a quaint German, "finds his hell, as sure as every mountain its valley." Let us not doubt the genius of Washington because it was identical with wisdom, and because its energies worked with, and not against, the spiritual order its "single eye" was gifted to divine. We commonly say that he acted in accordance with moral laws, but we must recollect that moral laws are intellectual facts, and are known through intellectual processes. We commonly say that he was so conscientious as ever to follow the path of right and obey the voice of duty. But what is right but an abstract term for rights? What is duty but an abstract term for duties? Rights and duties move not in parallel but converging lines; and how, in the terror, discord, and madness of a civil war, with rights and duties in confused conflict, can a man seize on the exact point where clashing rights harmonize, and where opposing duties are reconciled, and act vigorously on the conception, without having a conscience so informed with intelligence that his nature gravitates to the truth as by the very instinct and essence of reason!

The virtues of Washington, therefore, appear moral or mental according as we view them with the eye of conscience or reason. In him loftiness did not exclude breadth, but resulted from it; justice did not exclude wisdom, but grew out of it; and, as the wisest as well as justest man in America, he was preeminently distinguished among his contemporaries for moderation,—a word under which weak politicians conceal their want of courage, and knavish politicians their want of principle, but which in him was vital and comprehensive energy, tempering audacity with prudence, self-reliance with modesty, austere principles with merciful charities, inflexible purpose with serene courtesy, and issuing in that persistent and unconquerable fortitude, in which he excelled all mankind. In scrutinizing the events of his life to discover the processes by which his character grew gradually up to its amazing height, we are arrested at the beginning by the character of his mother, a woman temperate like him in the use of words, from her clear perception and vigorous grasp of things. There is a familiar anecdote recorded of her, which enables us to understand the simple sincerity and genuine heroism she early instilled into his strong and aspiring mind. At a time when his glory rang through Europe; when excitable enthusiasts were crossing the Atlantic for the single purpose of seeing him; when bad poets all over the world were sacking the dictionaries for hyperboles of panegyric; when the pedants of republicanism were calling him the American Cincinnatus and the American Fabius—as if our Washington were honored in playing the adjective to any Roman however illustrious!—she, in her quiet dignity, simply said, to the voluble friends who were striving to flatter her mother's pride into an expression of exulting praise, "that he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man." Under the care of a mother, who flooded common words with such a wealth of meaning, the boy was not likely to mistake mediocrity for excellence, but would naturally domesticate in his heart lofty principles of conduct, and act from them as a matter of course, without expecting or obtaining praise. The consequence was that in early life, and in his first occupation as surveyor, and through the stirring events of the French war, he built up character day by day in a systematic endurance of hardship; in a constant sacrifice of inclinations to duty; in taming hot passions into the service of reason; in assiduously learning from other minds; in wringing knowledge, which could not be taught him, from the reluctant grasp of a flinty experience; in completely mastering every subject on which he fastened his intellect, so that whatever he knew he knew perfectly and forever, transmuting it into mind, and sending it forth in acts. Intellectual and moral principles, which other men lazily contemplate and talk about, he had learned through a process which gave them the toughness of muscle and bone. A man thus sound at the core and on the surface of his nature; so full at once of integrity and sagacity; speaking ever from the level of his character, and always ready to substantiate opinions with deeds—a man without any morbid egotism, or pretension, or extravagance; simple, modest, dignified, incorruptible; never giving advice which events did not endorse as wise, never lacking fortitude to bear calamities which resulted from his advice being overruled;—such a man could not but exact that recognition of commanding genius which inspires universal confidence. Accordingly, when the contest between the colonies and the mother country was assuming its inevitable form of civil war, he was found to be our natural leader in virtue of being the ablest man among a crowd of able men. When he appeared among the eloquent orators, the ingenious thinkers, the vehement patriots, of the revolution, his modesty and temperate professions could not conceal his superiority; he at once, by the very nature of great character, was felt to be their leader; towered up, indeed, over all their heads as naturally, as the fountain, sparkling yonder in this July sun, which, in its long, dark, downward journey forgets not the altitude of its parent lake, and no sooner finds an outlet in our lower lands than it mounts, by an impatient instinct, surely up to the level of its far-off inland source.

After the first flush and fever of the revolutionary excitement was over, and the haggard fact of civil war was visible in all its horrors, it soon appeared how vitally important was such a character to the success of such a cause. We have already seen that the issue of the contest depended, not on the decision of this or that battle, not on the occupation of this or that city, but on the power of the colonists to wear out the patience, exhaust the resources, and tame the pride of Great Britain. The king, when Lord North threatened, in 1778, to resign unless the war were discontinued, expressed his determination to lose his crown rather than acknowledge the independence of the rebels; he was as much opposed to that acknowledgment in 1783 as 1778; and it was only by a pressure from without, and when the expenditures for the war had reached a hundred million of pounds, that a reluctant consent was forced from that small, spiteful mind. Now there was undoubtedly a vast majority of the American people unalterably resolved on independence, but they were spread through thirteen colonies, were not without mutual jealousies, and were represented in a Congress whose delegated powers were insufficient to prosecute war with vigor. The problem was, how to combine the strength, allay the suspicions, and sustain the patriotism of the people, during a contest peculiarly calculated to distract and weaken their energies. Washington solved this problem by the true geometry of indomitable personal character. He was the soul of the revolution, felt at its centre, and felt through all its parts, as an uniting, organizing, animating power. Comprehensive as America itself, through him, and through him alone, could the strength of America act. He was security in defeat, cheer in despondency, light in darkness, hope in despair—the one man in whom all could have confidence—the one man whose sun-like integrity and capacity shot rays of light and heat through everything they shone upon. He would not stoop to thwart the machinations of envy; he would not stoop to contradict the fictions and forgeries of calumny; and he did not need to do it. Before the effortless might of his character, they stole away, and withered, and died; and through no instrumentality of his did their abject authors become immortal as the maligners of Washington.

To do justice to Washington's military career we must consider that he had to fuse the hardest individual materials into a mass of national force, which was to do battle not only with disciplined armies, but with frost, famine and disease. Missing the rapid succession of brilliant engagements between forces almost equal, and the dramatic storm and swift consummation of events, which European campaigns have made familiar, there are those who see in him only a slow, sure and patient commander, without readiness of combination or energy of movement. But the truth is, the quick eye of his prudent audacity seized occasions to deliver blows with the prompt felicity of Marlborough or Wellington. He evinced no lack of the highest energy and skill when he turned back the tide of defeat at Monmouth, or in the combinations which preceded the siege of Yorktown, or in the rapid and masterly movements by which, at a period when he was considered utterly ruined, he stooped suddenly down upon Trenton, broke up all the enemy's posts on the Delaware, and snatched Philadelphia from a superior and victorious foe. Again, some eulogists have caricatured him as a passionless, imperturbable, "proper" man; but, at the battle of Monmouth, General Lee was privileged to discover, that from those firm, calm lips could leap words hotter and more smiting than the hot June sun that smote down upon their heads. Indeed, Washington's incessant and various activity answered to the strange complexity of his position, as the heart and brain of a revolution, which demanded not merely generalship, but the highest qualities of the statesman, the diplomatist and the patriot. As we view him in his long seven years' struggle with the perilous difficulties of his situation, his activity constantly entangled in a mesh of conflicting considerations—with his eye fixed on Congress, on the states, and on the people, as well as on the enemy—compelled to compose sectional quarrels, to inspire faltering patriotism, and to triumph over all the forces of stupidity and selfishness—compelled to watch, and wait, and warn, and forbear, and endure, as well as to act—compelled amid vexations and calamities which would sting the dullest sensibilities into madness, to transmute the fire of the fiercest passion into an element of fortitude;—and, especially, as we view him coming out of that terrible and obscure scene of trial and temptation, without any bitterness in his virtue, or hatred in his patriotism, but full of the loftiest wisdom and serenest power;—as we view all this in the order of its history, that placid face grows gradually sublime, and in its immortal repose looks rebuke to our presumptuous eulogium of the genius which breathes through it!

We all know that towards the end of the wearying struggle, and when his matchless moderation and invincible fortitude were about to be crowned with the hallowing glory which liberty piously reserves for her triumphant saints and martyrs, that a committee of his officers proposed to make him king; and we sometimes do him the cruel injustice to say that his virtue overcame the *temptation*. He was not knave enough, or fool enough, to be tempted by such criminal baubles. What was his view of the proposal? He who had never sought popularity but whom popularity had sought—he who had entered public life not for the pleasure of exercising power, but for the satisfaction of performing duty,—he to be insulted and outraged by such an estimate of his services, and such a conception of his character,—why it could provoke in him nothing but an instantaneous burst of indignation and abhorrence!—and, in his reply, you will find that these emotions strain the language of reproof beyond the stern courtesy of military decorum.

The war ended, and our independence acknowledged, the time came when American liberty, threatened by anarchy was to be re-organized in the Constitution of the United States. As President of the Convention which framed the Constitution, Washington powerfully contributed to its acceptance by the States. The people were uncertain as to the equity of its compromise of opposing interests, and adjustment of clashing claims. By this eloquent and learned man they were advised to adopt it; by that eloquent and learned man they were advised to reject it; but there, at the end of the instrument itself, and first among many eminent and honored names, was the bold and honest signature of George Washington, a signature which always carried with it the integrity and the influence of his character; and that was an argument stronger even than any furnished by Hamilton, Madison and Jay. The Constitution was accepted; and Washington, whose fame, to use Allston's familiar metaphor, was ever the shadow cast by his excellence, was of course unanimously elected President. This is no place to set forth the glories of his civil career. It is sufficient to say that placed amid circumstances where ignorance, vanity or rashness would have worked ruinous mischief and disunion, he consolidated the government. One little record in this diary, just before he entered upon his office, is a key to the spirit of his administration. His journey from Mount Vernon to the seat of government was a triumphal procession. At New York the air was alive with that tumult of popular applause, which has poisoned the integrity by intoxicating the pride of so many eminent generals and statesmen.—What was the feeling of Washington? Did he have a misanthrope's cynical contempt for the people's honest tribute of gratidue? Did he have a demagogue's fierce elation in being the object of the people's boundless admiration? No. His sensations, he tells us, were as painful as they were pleasing. His lofty and tranquil mind thought of the possible reverse of the scene after all his exertions to do good. The streaming flags, the loud acclamations, the thunder of the cannon, and the shrill music piercing through all other sounds,—these sent his mind sadly forward to the solitude of his closet, where, with the tender and beautiful austerity of his character, he was perhaps to sacrifice the people's favor for the people's safety, and to employ every granted power of a constitution he so perfectly understood, in preserving peace, in restraining faction, and in giving energy to all those constitutional restraints on popular passions, by which the wisdom of to-morrow rules the recklessness of to-day."

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

The witty and sarcastic Rev. Sydney Smith, for many

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, July 27, 1850

THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

There is much of the popular nomenclature and reasoning on this subject, to which it might not be untimely to apply our Saviour's rebuke, "Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God." We like not the terms *general* and *particular* Providence. We believe in neither. Wholes are made up of parts, and great events grow from small, so that care over the whole implies like care over the parts, and agency in the production of greater includes like agency in the production of the lesser events that lead to them; nor is there any point between a sun and an animalcule, between the fall of an empire and that of a leaf, where it can be said, with a shadow of reason, "There Providence ceases." On the other hand, we object to the phrase *particular Providence*, because it involves the idea of special and petty legislation for individual cases, and breaks up into fragments all grand and comprehensive views of the divine administration. In no respect do the scriptures manifest superhuman wisdom more evidently, than in their employing the language of suggestion rather than of definition on subjects connected with God and eternity; for definition in its name and its process implies finiteness, and denotes the setting of bounds on all sides to the idea or fact defined. In attempting a logical definition of Providence they would have doubly failed; for, by words necessarily derived from finite and material objects, they could not have described a fact both infinite and spiritual, while, by excluding the language of feeling they would have omitted to address the emotional nature, which alone can apprehend the divine care and love. But when our Saviour says, "The sparrow falleth not to the ground without him," a distinct conception is awakened in the mind of every one who has ever extended towards, or received from a fellow-being the offices of protection, trust or love. We therefore prefer on this subject to employ no limiting words. For us the simple term Providence is enough; or, if any epithets be applied to it, let them be *perfect*, *universal* and *paternal*,—the two first of which are infinite and do not define, while the last is a heart-word, and suggests to every heart the fullest and tenderest portion of its own experience as a type of the love of the Almighty.

The chief thing that we need is not the power of reasoning infallibly as to the metaphysics of the divine administration; but that implicit faith, which can always feel the Father near, and, with no interposing figment of second causes, can trace directly to him whatever is or occurs. To this faith the apparent prevalence of general laws in the system of nature need present no obstacle. If man is to be or do anything himself in exercise of his moral freedom, it is essential that he should have in some directions and regards the power of certain or probable foresight and calculation. Did the sun rise at uncertain intervals, or the rain fall from a clear sky, or the vine or the fig tree grow where wheat had been sown, there would be no definitely planned or hopeful industry. But how know we that general laws extend any farther than man can calculate their operation? We are familiar only with the order of proximate causes;—whether the cause of these causes is physical and thus within the calculation of more far-sighted beings than ourselves, or whether the Divine will is their direct and immediate cause, it would be arrogance for us to say. But our religious instincts and the intimations of scripture incline us to the latter answer. We find ourselves unable to acquiesce in the belief that in the course of nature any event so takes place, that it could not have been otherwise. We cannot dismiss from our hearts the idea of the express appointment for our benefit of whatever occurs within the circle of our own experience, —of the special mingling for us of whatever put to our lips. We therefore have faith in the efficacy of prayer for temporal blessings, not that God will in every case do what is best for us, but because the praying soul may receive and use as good gifts, from the Father's hand, favours, which, received without prayer and enjoyed without praise, would be perverted to the soul's growth in sin and evil. Yet more, this view permits us to connect thoughts of the divine care and love for ourselves individually with what we most inappreciately term the little blessings of our daily lives. As in childhood we received from our parents not only shelter and nourishment, but keepsakes, holiday-gifts, and various and constantly varying tokens of our nearness to their hearts, so, it seems to us, are we continually receiving from the Almighty godsends as it were marked and labelled for us, —favours beyond our necessity or expectation, which flow directly from the parental relation in which he stands to us. In looking back on a peculiarly happy day, we can often trace a confluence of fountains of joy from sources so far apart, that their casual flowing together is even to an undevout mind less probable, than it is that a kind Providence should have united them. In our journeys among the grand and beautiful scenery of our rivers, lakes and mountains we have often realized, (we will not say fancied,) this experience, when without choice of our own we have reached the right point of view at the best time, have found phenomena of rare occurrence, yet of the most intense interest, awaiting our regard, and have been led too into the society of the very friends whose sympathy might double our enjoyment. Every one's life must be full of these attestations to the fatherly care and love of the Supreme Being; to refer them all to the blind working of general laws, to the revolutions of machinery wound up ages ago to run to the end of time, is even more irrational than it is unfilial.

But were the universal sway of general laws admitted, still the doctrines of a Providence comprehending individuals and details need not be set aside; for in that case the human soul itself may be the instrument, in and through which Providence works. Of the motives impulses and desires, that lead us in different directions, we have but partial cognizance. Whence many of them come we know not. An impression is sometimes borne in upon us we cannot tell how,—we yield to it with no definite reason for so doing, but it proves one of the happiest steps in our lives.

Our strongest persuasions are frequently on very inadequate grounds. What we might call the instructive portions of our mental constitution are often more trustworthy than our rational powers. And may not this be, because God has his avenue to every soul, his own modes and seasons of communication, and that in much that we do or shun, we act unconsciously from his suggestion! Thus, in a system of eternal nature which admitted no modification, might man be induced, by the divine action upon his mind, to pursue the course which would most surely tend to his ultimate well-being.

We confess our belief in Providence in both the forms which we have stated. We have no question that whatever takes place in the outward world is no less wrought by God than was the resurrection of Lazarus. At the same time we own his presence and working in the hidden man of the heart. Let each one conceive of the divine Providence in the form which conveys the most vivid, glowing image of his own soul. Our highest conceptions must needs be faint,—our truest inadequate. The mode in which this great truth shapes itself to the intellect is of secondary importance; but we do need to feel it, and to derive from it ever new good for our adoration, gratitude and love.

For the Christian Register.

THE NEW UNITARIAN CHURCH IN LOWELL.

I do not propose at this late period, to give a detailed account of the interesting dedicatory services, which occurred on Wednesday, July 10th, by which this new temple of our cherished faith, was consecrated to the worship of the one true God. The day was one of unusual interest. A large number of our clerical and lay friends from abroad were present, and the house was well filled with an attentive audience. One very pleasant circumstance, which I must not omit to mention, was the attendance of many Christian friends and clergymen from other denominations, and we rejoice to say, that, so peculiarly mild, and Christ-like was the spirit which pervaded all the services, no merely sectarian sentiments being expressed, that no waters of bitterness mingled with this Christian union. In the afternoon, during the ministerial conference, the Rev. Mr. Burnap, who is settled over one of the Orthodox Societies in this city, offered some valuable remarks on the practical influences of Christianity, which were listened to with pleasure, and we trust with profit by all.

Dr. Gannett's sermon, in the evening, was a noble exposition of truth, from the text, "That God may be all in all." It was peculiarly adapted to meet the wants of a community like ours, where the peculiar characteristics of Unitarian Christianity, have been but imperfectly understood by those of a different faith; this very powerful discourse was calculated to correct those misapprehensions, and could not fail to commend itself to every candid mind.

The Society, for whose accommodation, this neat and beautiful building is erected, is of comparatively recent formation; feeble in its commencement, and having been called to struggle with many adverse circumstances, it has still, with a high and holy purpose, adhered to duty, and held on its course, with faith and hope ever pointing to Heaven; it seems now likely to become a self-sustaining and prosperous Society, and, we trust, an instrument of much spiritual good, in this busy city, where so great an amount of moral power is necessary to stem the current of worldliness and sin.

They most gratefully acknowledge the kind aid which they have received from friends in our midst, as well as from sister cities, who have so generously contributed to raise this new watch tower on our Zion. May they now go on prospering and to prosper, under the faithful labors of their excellent minister, the Rev. Mr. Barry, whose whole life is devoted to the promotion of his Master's cause. In addition to the stated services of the Sabbath, Mr. B. has commenced a series of Wednesday evening meetings which, if we may be allowed to judge from the introductory lecture, promise to be of great practical value, and to effect a purpose much needed here. He has our most cordial good wishes for success in the work in which he has engaged, and may the blessing of Heaven ever attend his efforts. E.

[For the Register.]

What is Prayer?

It is the living spring of action, it kindles, it glows; it subdues, while at the same time it animates, pouring new life into the wearied spirit, and granting new encouragement to the contrite soul. It gives to joy a limit and enables all men to be resigned to the troubles and afflictions of this world, by unveiling to their view the spacious heavens.

See the Saviour in the solitude of the wilderness communing with his God. So should we, when pressed and sorely tried, retire to our closets, and in the solemn silence unbosom our hearts to God. At all times and in all places, the constant practice of deep and fervent prayer should be to us the "means of grace and the hope of glory."

> "O thou, by whom we come to God,
> The life, the truth, the way,
> The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
> Lord, teach us how to pray."

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel is dead. On Saturday evening, June 29, while proceeding from his residence, in Whitehall, up Constitution Hill, his horse suddenly shied at something passing, kicked up his heels and threw Sir Robert over his neck on his face. Although rendered insensible by the fall, Sir Robert retained hold of the reins, and the animal thus being checked, lost his footing and fell heavily upon the Baronet. Several gentlemen passing, rendered the necessary assistance; and the ex-Premier was placed in a carriage and removed to his house in Whitehall, in a state of insensibility. All the highest medical talent of London was soon in attendance, but their efforts availed not. After lingering till 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, the great statesman expired, in the 63d year of his age. [Halifax Telegraph.

And that was to be the end of Sir Robert! A mortal throw from his horse was his destiny! Out of a thousand ways of death, that was the one which was appointed him. Awful, very awful! And yet the awful thing is this, that there is a finger of destiny that does point, and not merely that it sometimes points to ways of death, a little different from the common. A hand in the air following a man and pointing him to a strange end, which he could not but fall on; this would be an awful appointment, and yet no more awful than this certainty that is over us, that "it is appointed unto all men once to die."

And he is dead! Sir Robert is dead now, even as he was appointed sometime to be. And from behind us too, there is what points us ourselves on to death, some way or other, somewhere or other! And walk as we may, here or there, yet it is in the direction of our destiny. And not a step can we move, but it is towards our end. Yes! we live by other powers than we think of. Always there is about us a deep shadow, and it is that of our mortality; though often we have no eyes for it. We are moving more awfully than we feel. And every moment, there is a hand that is pointing us on, to where life will end with us. The famous man vanishes by the same law, by which it is appointed to us all once to die.

Sir Robert Peel was the son of a man, who died a wealthy baronet, but who was born one of the poorest of the poor. And once Sir Robert boasted that the father of his wife was a private soldier, that rose to be a general.

To many persons the life of Sir Robert is hard to be understood. To them he was an inconsistent, treacherous man. He was always being false to what they understood his professions to be. And indeed almost every greater measure which he achieved was what he had first opposed. On two or three occasions, he was invested with power by his Tory party and installed in office, for the purpose of resisting certain Whig proposals, which he forthwith himself adopted and carried into effect. He once denounced the Repeal of the Corn Laws, as being a suicidal and monstrous movement, unwise and madly foolish. And yet within two years of his saying this, he was himself the repealer of those laws. He got himself made Premier for the defence of the Corn Laws, and then at once he repealed them. Once he was placed in office for the one purpose of keeping the Catholics politically enslaved, and he emancipated them immediately. And then an upholder of the aristocracy, he refused himself to become a member of the Peerage, even in one of its higher ranks.

A Tory, he was always in Parliament carrying into effect Whig proposals. An aristocrat by position, he always claimed to be one of the people. A man not unfrequently talking about his conscience and his honor, he was somehow regarded as subtle and treacherous.

How was this; why was it? The man seemed false because he was in a false position. By his origin he was one of the people, and by his nature he was a Liberal. But through accidental circumstances he grew up to be a Tory in spite of himself. A Conservative while out of office, he was commonly a Reformer, as soon as ever he was in.

And now what was Sir Robert? Was he a great man? Very great as a man he was not. Was he a great statesman? In the right, old sense of statesmanship he was not great. Was he a man of genius? No: for he was not at all original; and indeed he not only never had a new thought, but often he had to hear things canvassed for years, before he could so understand them, as to be able to act on them. Was he a thoroughly honest man? Perhaps he was; though multitudes will answer quite certainly that he was not. Was he a politician then, a great politician? No; he was not merely so. He was a Premier; a Premier was what he was. A Prime Minister was precisely his calling. For he was gentlemanly, persuasive, astute, ready, close, and plausible exceedingly.

From all quarters he drew confidence to himself, but he yielded none. He would talk with the greatest frankness, but always in the vein of a perhaps. He was continually being supposed to say things, which he never did say. Nobody ever knew so many virtues in an if, nor ever made such saving clauses as he did. Many a man has had to be surprised, on looking back to the reported speeches of Sir Robert, to find that they were so worded as to sound one way one year, and another way another.

Tact was his great characteristic He was an eminent, a pre-eminent tactitian. He could make himself look all things to all men, and have almost all men trust him, more or less. Every thing he did, was with a grace. He knew the right time and the right way for any measure. He would show men how to eat their own words honorably and with a relish: and he would draw them after him gladly to where they had sworn never to go.

Of late years he had evidently more heart in him than he used to show: and he was more direct in speech and more straightforward in action than he used to be. Latterly, too, he was far less egotistical than formerly. It used to be said that in speaking, the pronoun I occurred with Sir Robert three times oftener than with any one else. But of late he would appear to have outgrown egotism.

At one time it seemed as though he thought that the nation only existed for the sake of there being a Prime Minister in it, and that the office of Prime Minister existed rightly only for him to fill it. But of late years things have been more real to him than they used to be,—the nation and its wants, its grievances and its prospects, its famishing thousands and patient millions. Whatever he may have been formerly, Sir Robert has latterly been a man amongst men—a faithful man amongst suffering and bewildered men.

One of Sir Robert's later acts as a Minister deserves honorable mention here. He caused to be introduced into Parliament a Bill for protecting Unitarians against a grievous persecution which was commenced against them, and which threatened to dispossess them of all such of their churches and religious endowments as existed before the year 1813. In that year, the old laws which made it be penal to impugn the doctrine of the Trinity, were repealed. But there were certain effects of those laws which still survived, and which were made use of by persecutors against Unitarians. It was urged successfully in the Courts of law, that as Unitarianism was illegal before the year 1813, therefore no church could have been legally intended for it. This persecution Sir Robert arrested by a Bill, which was brought before Parliament by the Lord Chancellor of his Cabinet. Against the Bill more petitions were presented than on any subject that had ever been submitted to Parliamentary debate before. Sir Robert believed that he was perilling his administration by advocacy of the Bill. But as he said privately, he was willing to fall for it. But when the debate and the voting on the Bill came on, Sir Robert said in his final speech before the Commons, that never in the history of the House, probably, had there been a Bill so unanimously supported by all the leaders and all the wise men of every party in Parliament,—Tory, Whig, and Radical.

Justice would have required of Sir Robert to vote for the Bill. But not many Prime Ministers would have felt themselves called upon to make it a ministerial measure; and especially as the persons to be benefited by it, were politically and influentially opposed to him. For even during the debate on the Bill, every Unitarian member in the House might have been seen sitting on what are called the Opposition Benches. Sir Robert was very deeply interested in the success of the Bill. This interest which he had, was much to his credit; and it was also, under the circumstances, something creditable to the persons, in whose cause he felt it.

And now Sir Robert is dead. And his works do follow him. And they will be following after him, in the history of the English people, for ages to come. After many years—after hundreds of years, there will still be fresh results, that will be reporting themselves either for him or against him, in the ever open ear of Omniscience. And for us all too there is an Omniscient ear, that listens and that will listen forever. W. H.

Monument to the Apostle Eliot.

A very considerable movement is on foot among the citizens of Roxbury—to erect a monument of freestone or granite, forty-two feet high, to the memory of the venerable Apostle to the Indians. The designs of inscriptions and symbols for the column are very striking and significant. It is to stand in the Forest Hills Cemetery. As contributing to the success of the plan, the Mayor of Roxbury, Hon. H. A. S. Dearborn, has prepared, in a pamphlet form, an interesting account of Eliot's Life and Labors, bringing together much curious information. Persons who desire to contribute to so worthy an object can send any sums of money to C. K. Dillaway, Esq., the Treasurer of the Monument Association. Honor to the Christian servant, of whom Shepard said, "I think we can never honor this man of God enough;" and of whom Mather wrote, "There was a tradition among us that the country could never perish, so long as Eliot was alive."

THE BIBLICAL TRINITY OF THEOPHILUS.

Who Theopilus is we know not. The book bears a Hartford imprint and is prefaced by a "Letter to the Author," which, from certain internal marks of style and thought, as well as from the absence of a name which must have been repeatedly cited by any other writer, we are inclined to ascribe to the great heresiarch of Hartford. The author is, we think, a layman, though liberally educated and "mighty in the Scriptures." We deem him a layman, not from any deficiency of biblical learning, but from the non-professional air of his statements and arguments. The book is an exposition and defence of a (so called) theory of the Trinity, varying in no essential point from that propounded by Dr. Bushnell. It is another attempt to sew new cloth upon an old garment,— to attach the ever-new, though world-old doctrine of the Divine unity to the figment of a Trinity,—that cast off robe of Platonism. It is an attempt, by which the rent is made worse than ever before; for the author, though no mean logician or unskilful writer, evidently knows not how to handle his needle so as to humour the infirmity of the ancient garment. The theory is, that the Trinity does not imply an inherent, essential or external distinction in the Divine nature, but simply a threefold "capacity," in which God conducts the economy of human redemption. According to this view the Trinity is simply the rhetoric of divine manifestation,—a representation "got up for effect," and of course useful only to those who have not sufficiently keen visions to see through it. Neither this author nor Dr. Bushnell is in any proper sense a believer in the Trinity. What they believe is simply this: "Ignorant people can best attain a knowledge of God through the fiction of a triune Deity; but it is a fiction which every intelligent and especially every biblical scholar, ought to have outgrown."

We regard statements like this as indicating an immense progress in the apprehension of Christian truth. Not that the ground which they occupy seems to us tenable; but it makes a very close approach to simple Unitarianism. We have no faith in the permanence of any modified form of Trinitarianism. We cannot ourselves conceive of any such form. Tripersonality is intelligible. It is nothing more nor less than a harmonious Tritheism. Its appropriate language is uttered by a recent writer, when he speaks of the Father's "holy and rapturous communion with his august *brother* of the Trinity," and of the holy spirits "recounting the sufferings and death of his *fellow God*." This to be sure is heathenish.—blasphemous, were it not for the devout purpose of the writer; but still it represents a possible conception of the intellect. It is even easier to conceive of three concordant Divinities, than it was to conceive of an entire pantheon of conflicting Deities. But if the Christian does not believe in three Gods he must believe in one; and his Trinity can be nothing else than a threefold aspect of the Divine nature. For this threefold aspect there is a basis in the relations of fallen man to God; for God is his Creator, and, if he is to be saved from sin, must be his Redeemer and sanctifier. But this is a trinity, which could not have been, had man remained sinless. It is a Trinity in the mind of man, and not in the nature of the Almighty. God is one; but man beholds him as through a triangular prism.

THE ERIE RAILROAD.

We regard travelling as more than a privilege, as almost a duty for those, who during the summer can command the requisite leisure and money. Not that there is not above and around us wherever we are, more than enough of varied beauty and grandeur to furnish lifelong materials for devout thought, and to inspire ever-new emotions of praise, trust and love. But the leaves of the immeasurable volume of nature, that lie always open before us, because of their familiar aspect to the outward sense, are too apt to remain unread by the inward eye. We need the stimulus of novelty to excite the strong action of the mind and heart in connection with the works of God; and new scenes quicken the pulse of the spiritual nature, and lead us into closer communion with Him whose "incorruptible spirit is in all things." It is currently said that railroads have done much towards destroying the charm of travel, seeking as they do a dead level, and often depressing their passengers below objects of the greatest interest on their route. This is true to a certain extent of the seaboard lines of intercommunication, which for the most part cross water-courses at right angles, and alternate between salt-marshes, sand-wastes, forests of recent growth and the least attractive suburbs of towns. But on the lines stretching from the coast to the interior, there are two necessities, for which the lovers of the picturesque have ample reason to be grateful. One is that of following league after league the course of rivers; the other, that of terracing mountain-ranges. These laws are fortunately imposed upon the very railroads, which are the longest in extent and which had the greatest natural difficulties to overcome, and on none in the country to so great a degree as on the Erie Railroad. This, shortly after leaving the Hudson, passes through the romantic region of the Ramaps, where lofty summits, at this season completely festooned with the mountain laurel, hem in the extended gaze, through which at steep grade and by a very tortuous path the iron track leads into the rich land of Goshen,—a land literally flowing with milk and honey. This vestibule of rough and barren hills ushers the traveller into the vast dairy of Orange county, where the wilder forms of nature are replaced by profuse verdure and all possible tokens of rural thrift and affluence. He thence passes into the valley of the Delaware, winds with the numerous bends of the river, crosses it at dizzy heights, and pursues his route for many miles on a shelf hewn out of the side of the mountain, with equally fearful precipices yawning below and towering above. Then he ascends a high elevation in the northern spur of the Alleghanies, where he breathes the free, thin mountain air, is surrounded by lofty peaks, and looks down far beneath upon the valley he has left, with the river permeating it like a silver thread. Then he descends into the gorgeous, hill-lined plain of the Susquehannah, with its yellow soil, its interminable grain fields, its vegetation profuse beyond description, and clothed in a deeper green and a higher luxuriance than adorn any other region north of the tropics. There is no point on the whole route, where the vision is circumscribed. The outlines of the scenery are so vast, and its curves so ample, that the eye has constantly an extended range, while the scene changes so often, that, so far from being oppressed with monotony, the sense and soul are absolutely wearied with the exciting and incessant variety of the sublime and the beautiful, and strive in vain to recall and arrange the multitudinous impressions of the journey. Never have we had so much and so diversified enjoyment of nature crowded into so brief a space, as on a recent passage over this road; and, without any ulterior object, we should have deemed the experiences of that one day an ample revenue for our pilgrimage.

In this connection, it is no more than justice to speak of the arrangements for the comfort of the travelling public afforded on this route. The road is of a broader gauge than has commonly been adopted in this country. Consequently the cars are much wider than usual, more commodious, and liable to less lateral motion, thus contributing greatly to ease, to the sense of security, and undoubtedly to actual safety. The station-houses are ample, neat and well-furnished, and the officers of the road gentlemanly, obliging and attentive, presenting a strong contrast to the arrangements on the route from Albany to Buffalo, on which travellers are huddled into uncomfortable cars, and treated as the subjects and serfs of the lords of the way. Those, who are on their way to Buffalo or Niagara, will do well to take the Erie Railroad, by which without change of cars they are conveyed to the southern extremity of Seneca Lake, then carried by the neatest and best managed of steamboats through that surpassingly beautiful sheet of water to Geneva, and thence for but a few hours consigned to the discourtesy and discomfort of the great central Railroad to Buffalo

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EPITAPHS.

We have rarely seen a work more remarkable for the amount of its profitless learning, or the perverted use made of it, than one recently brought out in support of Catholicism and entitled, *Mores Catholici; or Ages of Faith*. Its object is to show that the Dark Ages were the ages of the Beatitudes, the ages of heroism, modesty, justice, peace and piety. It seems as if the Monkish Chronicles had been unearthed from all the Monasteries of the world, and without much question respecting their truth, all their legends of every kind poured into these massive octavos. It contains however a multitude of those things on which one is pleased to waste a leisure hour, though he may draw from them a conclusion very different from that deduced by the author. In endeavoring to show that the dark ages were remarkable for the peaceful character of princes and people, he quotes, among other proofs, a variety of Epitaphs. Whether they are to be considered as justly representating the great body of Epitaphs, he does not say; nor is it certain that those points are not specially singled out for honor in which the world was most deficient. At any rate, whatever they may indicate, they are worth reading.

On the tomb of Philip, brother of Charles the Bald of Burgundy, is the following:

> "Prælia quod gessit, non sua culpa fuit."

A Count of Anjou is thus commemorated;

> "Dum vigilt tua, dum valuit, Martelle, potestas,
> Fraus latuit, pax magna fuit, requavit honestas."

On a knight and lord of Burgundy;

> "Pacem dilexit. Pax sit æterna sibi."

On one of the Lombard princes;

> "Pacificus, mitis, prudens, sanctusque, suavis."

On another;

> "Tutamen patriæ, spes, requiesque fuit;
> Fortia Francorum sedavit regna, sucsque
> Confines vinxit undique pacis ope."

If these epitaphs show nothing else they show what virtues, in those turbulent and ferocious times, were most needed by princes while living and which caused their memory to be most honored when they were dead. If epitaphs do not show what men were, and least of all what princes were, they are likely to show what in the judgment of the world they ought to have been.

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.

The Harvard Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society held its annual meeting and public celebration at Cambridge, last week on Thursday. At the business meeting in the morning, the Hon. Geo. Lunt, Jas. T. Fields, Bayard Taylor, Alfred Street, and G. Livermore, Esqs., were elected members of the Society. After the business meeting, the Society with its invited guests proceeded to Gore Hall, where a procession was formed under the direction of the marshals of the day. The galleries and unreserved seats of the first Church in which the exercises were to be held were filled at an early hour by ladies and others. Soon after twelve o'clock, the procession entered the church and the exercises commenced. In the absence of Hon. R. C. Winthrop, the President of the Society, Professor Felton, one of the Vice Presidents, presided. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Lothrop.

The oration was delivered by the Hon. Timothy Walker of Cincinnati. Its subject was the Reform Spirit of the present day. In his analysis of the various reforms, which divide the public attention, he treated with an able and discriminating censure, the ultraisms both of reform and conservatism. His subject afforded him an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of mingling satire with his more grave discussions, and of calling forth a laugh occasionally at the follies of the day. He was heard for nearly an hour and a half with marked attention and was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause

This age, he said, will be designated by the future historian as the age of Reform. The desire to reform pervades every nation and class and extends to every subject of thought and action. The literal meaning of the phrase, "to reform," is not necessarily to improve, to make better, to exalt, but simply to remake, reconstruct, recreate. It necessarily implies change, but does not necessarily imply improvement. Change in itself is an evil. There ought consequently to be much good produced by every reform, to compensate for the fluctuation and uncertainty which reform begets. This idea was developed and illustrated at some length.

After this general discussion of reform, the orator proceeded to examine several of the special reforms of the day, such as reforms in law and religion, in education and social life, in the punishment of crime and treatment of insanity, and in politics and legislation. Some of these, as they passed in review, were condemned and satirized and others were approved. All received a fair and courteous examination. It was shown that loyalty to law, as to something above us, has almost been reformed away; that in religion the "ages of faith" are no more: and that in education the discipline of the faculties has been lost sight of, and boys made readers not thinkers. The social reforms, whose purpose is to change the condition of woman, were next examined. While the speaker heartily sympathized with many of these, so far as they tended to the real elevation and emancipation of woman, he did not believe that she desired to unsex herself, and be lowered to the rude encounters of the bar-room, the stump and the caucus, or even the senate, as senates are now.

But we will not attempt to trace the orator through the whole course of his remarks. The conclusion of his review of the reforms of the day was that the great want of the age is *moderation*. We should neither be obstinately conservative nor rashly progressive. We are in danger of becoming intoxicated by our amazing physical triumphs, and of forgetting what our most pressing wants really are. We have seen the lightning made our messenger and the steam our servant, but we should remember that no substitute has been found for conscience, no machine been made to take the place of reason. After all our conquests the most difficult one remained, the conquest over ourselves.

The poem was by J. Bayard Taylor. The voice of the speaker was unfortunately pitched so low, that most of the audience were deprived of the pleasure of hearing the poem. It contained a series of sketches of the legends in which American poets would find subjects for poetry and song. The conclusion contained a fine passage upon the death of General Taylor. The versification, as far as we could hear, was smooth and accurate, and the poem apparently worthy of a much better hearing than it obtained.

The members of the Society and their invited guests then proceeded to Harvard Hall to partake of their annual dinner. Of the feast, both intellectual and otherwise, of which the Society partook, of the jokes that were made and speeches that were uttered, we do not feel at liberty to make any report. It is sufficient to say that the Society did not adjourn until about seven o'clock.

MR. WEBSTER AND MR. MANN.

To the Editors of the Christian Register:

Gentlemen,—In your paper of July 13, a person signing himself "X" denies the justice of my remarks in your paper of the 29th of June, concerning Mr. Mann's attack on Mr. Webster for his exposition of Constitutional Law on the subject of fugitive slaves. The ground taken by your correspondent is as follows:—

"Mr. Webster," says X "took two positions:

"1st. That except the clauses of the Constitution securing trial by jury in criminal prosecutions, and in suits at common law, "there is no other clause or sentence in the Constitution *having the least bearing* on the subject."

"2nd. That "*nothing is more false*, than that such jury trial is *demanded* in cases of this kind by the Constitution, either in its *letter* or its *spirit*."

"Mr. Mann encountered Mr. Webster's first proposition by showing most conclusively that there is some other clause or sentence in the Constitution *having a bearing* on the subject. He referred to three: 1. the 3d article of the Constitution, establishing the judiciary, by virtue of which Congress had proceeded to establish jury trials in civil cases, anterior to the amendment to which Mr. Webster refers. 2. the 4th amendment, declaring the right of the people to be "secure in their persons *against unreasonable seizures*." 3. The fifth amendment, declaring that no person shall be "deprived of life, *liberty* or property without due process of law." It may be doubtful to what extent these three instances may influence the question of jury trials; but no person can doubt that they have *a bearing on the subject*.

"Mr. Mann encountered Mr. Webster's second proposition by showing that, if a jury trial was not *demanded*, in questions of human freedom, by the *letter* of the amendments, it was at least demanded by the *spirit* of those amendments. His ample treatment seemed to leave no room for doubt on this question."

Now Mr. Webster did not take the position assigned to him in the first of these statements. "The subject" to which he referred was not the trial by jury generally. It was the statement of Mr. Mann that the jury trial was "*secured by the Constitution*" in the *specific case of alleged fugitive slaves*. On *this* he said that nothing in the Constitution bore ;—that is, that nothing bore on it and tended to secure it either in the letter or spirit of that instrument. With this point, the citations of Mr. Mann have nothing to do. They show that the Constitution required the people to be protected in certain rights, and that Congress, in some cases, had wisely protected these rights by requiring a jury trial to settle them when they should be controverted. But the case of the fugitive slave is *not* one of them, and is not alluded to in them.

Nor is Mr. Webster's remark about the *spirit* of the Constitution *requiring* no such trials by jury for an alleged fugitive slave, any better encountered. Indeed, so far as the *spirit* of the constitution is concerned, it is the other way. The often cited fourth article, which is the only one that touches the case, or alludes to it, secures to the slave owner the right to the service of his slave in the most absolute manner;—declares that no such person escaping from one State into another, shall, by any law of the latter, be discharged from such service;—but on claim by the party (the slave owner) shall be delivered up to him. This provision is almost identical with the one respecting fugitives from justice; the only difference being that the *claim* in the latter case is to be made by the Executive authority of the State from which the culprit fled. On these Constitutional provisions, Acts of Congress have been passed, prescribing the mode and means of carrying them out respectively. *In neither case is a jury trial required.* The act of 1793, the only act on the subject of fugitive slaves, permits the slave-owner to come to the free State and seize his alleged fugitive slave there, with such physical force as he may bring with him;—it permits him to carry this fugitive before a Judge of the District Court of the United States, —and on proving his property in the slave, this Judge is bound to give the owner legal authority to carry back his slave to bondage, without submitting the question, or any part of it, to a jury. All this was decided in the well-known case of Prigg, by the Supreme Court;—Mr. Justice Story pronouncing the opinion.

How, then, can "X." pretend that there is anything in the letter or in the spirit of the Constitution, which Mr. Mann has brought to bear successfully on his assertion, that this jury trial is "*secured* by the Constitution" to the fugitive slave! The truth, indeed, is, as I said before, that the whole drift of Mr. Mann's letter goes to prove that Congress have the *power* to secure a trial by jury to the alleged fugitive slave, and it assails Mr. Webster, as if he had denied this power.

That Congress *can* secure such a trial to an alleged fugitive slave, if they see fit, no body doubts, and I heartily wish they would do it. Mr. Clay has one plan for it. Mr. Webster has another. Either is better than anything we ever had before. Either is better than the act of 1793, —for that act *gives no jury trial, nor has one ever been given during the sixty years the Constitution has been in operation.* Nor is any particular act or any particular provision in an act *now* specifically required *by the Constitution*, or called for by any outrage committed during these sixty years under the authority given to recover fugitive slaves. It is required only by the oaths of the Members of Congress and their moral sense, demanding from them a law, which shall, by suitable means, carry this provision of the Constitution into practical operation for the benefit of those whose interests it was intended to protect, just as they are required to provide proper means for the recovery of fugitives from justice, or for carrying into effect any other clause of the Constitution.

One word more. Your correspondent sees fit to speak of what he calls the "unjustifiable harshness" of my remarks. If he had spoken of the prevalent coarse and unjustifiable tone of Mr. Mann's letter, he would have spoken of what called forth whatever of severity was implied in my remarks on it, and what would entirely justify much more than I said or intimated. But, after all, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* Mr. Webster cannot be injured by Mr. Mann's attack on his knowledge of Constitutional Law. He will not be benefited by anything I can say. The public have, perhaps, a little interest in the truth should be known, and that is all. R.

[For the Christian Register.]

THREE ORDERS IN THE MINISTRY.

Messrs Editors,—I was in company with an Episcopalian gentleman a few weeks since in the northern part of the State of New York, and it being Sabbath Eve, our conversation, as was natural, turned upon religious subjects. After discussing the general grounds of our faith, he touched upon one point, to which I was unable to reply, and would thank you for the Unitarian exposition, "That Jesus instituted the Apostolic ministry or different orders of ministers in the Church;" and as a proof of this he brought forward the passages of Scripture where Jesus selects from amongst his disciples or followers twelve only to witness his ascension, upon whom he laid his hands, and commanded them to go forth, and to teach all nations, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

A Reader of the Register.

In reply to our friend's inquiry, we would say, 1st, That though our Saviour directed the eleven to go and preach the Gospel to every creature, there is no evidence that this mission was confined to them; but on the contrary we know that before his death, he sent out other seventy on the same errand. St. Paul was not one of the twelve, nor have we any evidence that he was ordained by the Apostles. 2ndly, There is no evidence that the office was to go down through the Apostles and their successors according to any Episcopal rule. 3rdly, We have seen no successful attempt to show that during the life of the Apostles, there was anything corresponding to the three distinct orders of ministers. On the contrary, the terms *bishops* and *presbyters* are used interchangeably, the one for the other. A remarkable example is in the 20th chapter of Romans. In the 17th verse we read that Paul sent to Ephesus and called the elders [*presbyters*] of the Church, and he charged them (verse 28,) "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers" [bishops.] That is, the same men who in v. 17, are called *presbyters* are in the 28th verse called bishops. The two offices, therefore, could not at that time have been distinct.

It seems almost too trivial a correction to add that we have no scriptural authority for saying that our Saviour, just before his ascension, "*laid his hands*" on the Apostles. In Luke xxiv: 50, it is said that "he lifted up his hands and blessed them," but that is all.

[For the Christian Register.]

MANAGING CHILDREN.

> "My soul, look well around thee ere thou give thy timid infant unto sorrows."

One of the hot days of the last few weeks it was my lot to be riding in the cars a long day's journey. When we started in the early morning the travelling was delightful. The country looked green and bright with the night's dew, and the soft cool morning breeze refreshed us as it blew through the cars. But as we went on the sun grew hotter and hotter, the dust blew into the cars mingled with cinders, and we all felt that for the rest of the way we were doomed to discomfort. I tried, with a book, to lose my sense of the present trials, but my attention was diverted from reading by a group which occupied the seat nearest me. It consisted of a mother, a father and a little bright looking boy of three or four years old. I noticed them when the cars first started sitting at a distance from me, but they had now changed their seats and were so near to me that I could not avoid both seeing and hearing all that was going on.

"Be quiet, will you?" were the first words from the mother, said in an excited and impatient manner. But the little one *could not* be quiet. He had been travelling for many hours, he had exhausted all his means of amusement, and eaten cake and candy till he could eat no more. He had examined the cars over and over again, until the novelty was all at an end, and he was evidently hot and uncomfortable. As well might you tell the wind to stop blowing as tell him to be quiet. So he looked at his mother and then began to tease and whine, and say that he was tired and wanted some water. I thought she would sympathise with the little one and try to amuse and comfort him. But the noise evidently irritated her. "If you are not still in a minute, George Henry, I'll throw you out of the window; I will do it." The child looked frightened for a minute, and seemed to think it would be a terrible fate. But his reason, and experince too we may suppose, told him that this threat would never be carried into execution. He tried however for a little while to amuse himself with his mother's gloves, but they were snatched away from him, and then he was evidently compelled to begin again, "mamma, mamma, I'm tired," and then came a louder demonstration. By this time the father had waked from his nap, in no very pleasant mood it seemed, for, hearing the child's voice, he immediately made a dive at him, shook him and boxed his ears violently. "There now, stop crying and be quiet." But that was utterly out of the question. He could not do it at once, and the mother joined her voice to say in the same impatient, angry way, "Hush, hush I tell you, or you'll get it again." As soon as possible the child stopped the loud voice, and cowed down in his seat with a sulky look, and a disturbed expression on his face. The next time I looked he had fallen asleep much to my satisfaction and his sleep lasted till we were near our journey's end.

Very much of this kind of treatment of children is there in the world, and if there were not a kind Providence watching over these little ones to overrule the bad influences of early training, still smaller than it is would be the proportion of good men and women. How many parents there are who seem to forget the tremendous responsibility that rests upon them, the great work that God gave them to do when he put little children in their arms, and who act instead as if they sought only how to rear and educate them with the least trouble to themselves. They seem to begrudge the time it takes, as if their whole time were too much to give to the training of immortal souls. O the impatience that seizes a little child and inflicts a punishment in the heat of an angry moment,—how much has it to answer for! Do not be surprised to see the temper of your child uncontrolled as he grows older. You have been teaching him day by day, from his infancy, by your own impatience and h

Love and tenderness go very far in the management of children; not a foolish indulgence that pampers the appetite and yields weakly to every childish desire, but the quiet love that wraps the arms about the child, and lays cheek to cheek, and speaks so softly that the little one feels in his inmost heart that he is blessed by it; feels that he cannot slight it, or disobey it. The rough boy on whom threats would be lost, who feels too proud to be afraid of punishment, will be melted, and be ready to give up darling plans, by such a love as this.

To educate children as God would have us, to feel a hope that we are fitting them for heaven, requires a life of watchfulness and prayer. Of watchfulness; lest we, by our example, by yielding to impatience or selfishness, may implant in the souls of our children, seeds that in coming years will bring forth better fruits. Of prayer; that we may be aided and strengthened by an Almighty hand. S.

Colonization Society.—In its influence on Slavery in the United States, the action of this society can be of little consequence, except as it now and then helps a Southern gentleman, who otherwise might be deterred by the difficulties of the case, to liberate his slaves. But the influence of the new Republic on Africa and the Slave-trade must in time be immense. Already, the colonists have broken up the slave trade upon the coast to the extent of 600 miles, and they are gradually Christianizing and civilizing the native population. During the past year several slavery establishments have been broken up by a military force sent out by Pres. Roberts, who has also in behalf of the Republic purchased the coast where the notorious slave-mart, Gallinas, is situated. Funds, of course, are needed to carry out the se ends, and we are glad to see that during the last year an increasing interest has been manifested in the cause, and the receipts of the parent society, and of its branches in New York and Massachusetts, have been materially increased.

News from the Churches.

[It gives us great pleasure to publish the following account of a spirited movement in Wheeling Va., for the establishment of a liberal Society there.]

Wheeling, (Va.,) July 13.

Messrs. Editors,—I take great pleasure in announcing to you the following intelligence from the West.

On the evening of the 10th inst. the friends of Liberal Christianity in Wheeling, Va., few in numbers but of earnest purpose, met by appointment at the Daguerrean Rooms of Mr. A. C. Partridge. The meeting was organized by chosing Thomas Hornbrook President, and A. C. Partridge Secretary.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were then presented by Rev. G. W. Webster.

"*Whereas*:—Believing that our own happiness, the welfare of our town, and the cause of religious truth in the West generally, demand that a liberal, rational and scriptural form of Church organization and fellowship, and a system of religious instruction based on worthy and scriptural views of God, Christ and man, on life, duty, and destiny, be immediately established in so central, intelligent and thriving a city as ours; also duly sensible of, and grateful, for, the interest so kindly manifested towards us by our friends abroad, which will never be forgotten, and which prompts us to do all in our power to realize their benevolent wishes; but that it is our unanimous opinion that, in the absence of any suitable hall, our progress must be slow, and our success doubtful, unless a house be immediately erected, and consecrated to the worship of the one only and true God, to which end we feel the necessity of union and decision among ourselves and of the continued sympathy and aid of our friends in the East; therefore.

"*Resolved*—1st, That we who compose this meeting, do solemnly unite and form ourselves into a Society for the formation and establishment of a Church, to be denominated the First Independent Congregational Church in Wheeling, Va., and to take measures for the erection of a building and the settlement of a pastor.

"*Resolved*—2d, That the officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and a business committee of three: that the duties of the first four of these officers, shall be those usually devolving on such officers and that in the hands of the business committee shall be lodged all negotiations, oversight of the purchases, building, &c., and the execution of all the business transaction of the Society.

"*Resolved*,—3d, That the sum of $4000 be raised to cover the expenses of a small neat and suitable edifice, including ground, furniture and other appendages; that this sum be invested as joint stock in shares of $25, each; that one half of this stock be raised by ourselves, with the assistance of other citizens more or less favorable to such an undertaking; provided that the other half be taken by our Eastern friends on a plan and under conditions as follows. It is proposed that this $2000 be the beginning of a perpetual fund for the building of Churches in the West; that it constitute a branch of benevolence in the American Unitarian Association; that it be given in trust, in shares of $25, by clubs, churches or individuals, to be gradually refuded as fast as persons and families shall unite with us, by requiring them, in the purchase of pews, or otherwise, to take as many of these shares as their love of the cause might prompt or permit; that the sum raised from time to time in this movement be immediately paid back into the treasury of the Association; and so on till the whole be paid. In this way the money is to be used over and over again, in aid of future Churches—forever a perpetual self-supporting fund.

But that should the founding such a charity, to be begun in our behalf, be deemed impracticable, we authorize our agent to receive the benevolence of our friends on any other safe and suitable condition.

"*Resolved*,—4th, That to show our sincerity and to make a fair trial, though our numbers are small, in case our friends shall aid us as above requested, we will pledge ourselves to raise $1000 more to support Unitarian preaching in our house for two years, even should no accessions be made to our numbers, provided that in such an extreme case, the minister whom we may settle shall have, in addition, a sufficient sum guaranted from abroad to afford him a respectable salary."

After some friendly remarks from different persons, the Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted. The meeting then proceeded to organize the Society, provided for by the 2d resolution, by the election of the following gentlemen officers viz: J. L. Hobbs, President, James E. Wharton, Vice President, A. C. Partridge, Secretary, Thomas, Hornbrook, Tresury, and Messrs. W. F. Peterson, Thomas Hornbrook, and J. K. Botsford, business committee.

In addition to these, a committee of five were chosen to solicit subscription from the citizens of Wheeling, also the Rev. George W. Webster was chosen Agent in the East.

It being then proposed to see what number of shares could be secured on the spot, admonishing one another to subscribe all that justice and prudence to their family and business would permit, nearly $1000 was signed, which considering that there were but fifteen presents, and ten of those young men of small, or rather of almost no means, and that $250, had just been raised for six months' preaching, while the church is being built, was a hopeful prelude to future success.

Shall such an effort by a handful of men, who, surrounded by calumny and persecution, are longing for that simple worship and teaching provided in the Gospel, for all, meet with no response from the friends of humanity and truth in the East! The plan for systematic operation in the West contained in the 3d Resolution is respectfully submitted by one whose heart is in this field to preach the Gospel if capable and if sustained—if not, to cultivate and enrich its soil by such humbler means as God shall permit.

Yours truly, A. C. Partridge, Sec'y.

Notices of New Publications.

The Earl's Daughter: by Miss Sewell, Author of "Amy Herbert," "Loneton Parsonage," &c., &c. Appleton & Co., New York.

A book belonging to the class called religious novels, but giving religion a somewhat morbid and artificial presentation. True religion never jades the spirits, nor wears life out with care. The story is well told, and with many readers the author is a favorite.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, No. 20. Second part of Henry IV. Phillips, Sampson & Co. At twenty-five cents a number.

The Illustrated Domestic Bible. By Rev. Ingram Cobbin, M. A. New York: Samuel Hueston. To be completed in twenty-five numbers at twenty-five cents each.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Installation of the President. We take the following account of the installation of President Fillmore, in the presence of the two houses of Congress, form the National Intelligencer. The ceremony was simple, brief and impressive.

At twelve o'clock, according to previous arrangement, the Senate entered the Hall of the House of Representatives, the Speaker and members standing. Soon after, the Hon. Millard Fillmore, Vice President of the United States, attended by a member from each House, entered the Hall and took a seat at the table of the Clerk of the House. After a brief pause he rose, and in a clear and distinct voice, pronounced the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, and the act of installation was complete. The profound silence of so great an assemblage of deeply concerned spectators, the ceremony, so brief and so simple, yet so important in its consequences, national, political and personal, presented a scene altogether American. It was the incident of the day which probably made less impression than some others on American spectators, but was precisely that which is most calculated to attract the notice of foreigners. The death of the President being announced, a citizen plainly attired, enters among the assembled Representatives of the Nation, walks up to the Clerk's desk, takes an oath on the Bible to support the Constitution of the United States; and by this brief ceremony he becomes in an instant of time, invested with the command of the whole military force of a mighty empire, with the execution of its laws and the administration of its power. No one objects or dreams of objection—the act is acquiesced in as a thing of course, and with the submission that would be rendered to a law of Nature. The sceptre of the people passes into his hands as quickly and as quietly as a power of attorney could be acknowledged before a justice of the peace. And yet, the thing itself was hardly thought of in connection with the consequences. In some countries such a transfer of power would have cost streams of blood, and shaken the government to its very foundations. And why is it not so here? Because ours is a government of equal rights, and a government of laws: and because our people are a law-abiding and a law-keeping people; because they know and feel that their own laws are the restraints which they themselves have placed on their own passions—and it is only by obeying these laws that their equal rights can be maintained. May such ever be their spirit! If so, we may well say of the Republic, not "*esto* perpetua," but "*est* perpetua!"

The Patent Impulsoria. This ingenious means of applying animal power to the working of railways, so as to supersede the costly locomotive engine, has lately been invented in Italy, and exhibited experimentally upon the South Western Railway. It consists in introducing the animals into a kind of a coach, called Impulsoria, by which they transmit their acting power to the leading wheels. This transmission is conveyed by a very simple means, rendering useful both the driving power of the animals and their own weight. The horse being thus introduced into the Impulsoria, is placed upon a perfect rectilinear, artificial ground, or platform, turning so easily that the animal, which is yoked to the shafts, when it walks, does not itself advance; but what amounts to the same thing, the platform itself is pushed backward. By this artificial ground platform, called by the patentee *pedivella*, is moved a tree, armed with a pulley, from which by means of a rope, the motion is conveyed to the axletree of the leading wheels. The varying proportions between the diameters of the pulleys give different degrees of speed.—The horses are to be worked always at their requisite speed, even at sixty miles an hour, without ever altering the usual walking pace of the horses, which are inside the impulsoria, as on the floor of a room, sheltered from the weather.

The importance of introducing the horses into the carriage in order to get more speed from the surplus of the acting power, had been long thought of, and the principle has been several times attempted in England, France, and Italy, but hitherto without success.

The new machine, whose inventer is Signor Clemente Masserano, from Pignerol, Piedmont, has been brought from Italy to England, and deposited at the Nine-elms terminus of the South Western Railway, where it may be seen working on the line. It has been made for two horses only, and they work it well on the *pedivella*.—more than thirty wagons have been already experimentally drawn by it up the very inclined line of the station. For working it up and down the station, a wagon is fastened to it, when it attains a speed of seven miles an hour. In the experiment to be made on the great line, it is expected to gain a speed of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour; and it is calculated that an engine of two horses more will run at a speed superior to that of a steam engine; but the driving horses do not change direction or movement.—They can instantly be stopped, while the horses continue to walk on the *pedivella* without transmitting motion to the leading wheels.

By the simple manner in which the horses exercise their moving power on the new machine, they can work easily the usual time (commonly about eight hours a day.) During these eight hours the Inpulsoria can run at least over thirty miles eight times; and as four horses do not cost much more than two shillings each per day, it would be an expense of eight shillings, only, instead of £6 on account of coke only, the cost of which is sixpence each mile run.

Such economy is of the utmost importance to the numerous interests engaged in the railway, subjects to enormous working expenses. According to the statements by Dr. Lardner, in his valuable work on "Railway Economy," the locomotive power and rolling stock absorb always more than half, and often four fifths of all the working expenses. But the principal advantage of the new machine will be to afford very cheap locomotion on all branch lines, thus extending the advantage of railway to localities hitherto impracticable from the expensive moving power.

The directors of the South Western Railway were the first to receive the Impulsoria on their line, where they have granted every facility to its ingenious inventor; for which courtesy he has especially to thank the engineer-in-chief of the locomotive department, Mr. Gooch, and his assistant, Mr. Trevethick.—[London paper, June 22.

Rain and Heat in the United States. The last Patent Office report contains meteorological tables and statistics, by which we learn the mean annual depth of rain at various places in the United States, as well as the mean annual temperature. The greatest depth of rain falls at Fort Monroe, Virginia, where it is 52 to 53 inches; the least at the St. Louis Arsenal, Missouri, where it is 24 12 inches, or less than half. At Fort Hamilton, New York the depth is 45 71, and at West Point, 48 70. As a general rule the least rain falls in the Western States, and the most on the Atlantic sea-cost, and on the eastern side of mountain ranges. At New Orleans, however, and other points near the Gulf of Mexico, the fall is heavy; it being 51 85 at New Orleans. The fall at Boston and Baltimore is about equal, being 38 23 at the former place, and 39 90 at the latter. Through Michigan and Missouri it ranges at about 30 00, but, as we go further South it rises, and in Arkansas, averages 35 00. At Fort Constitution in New Hampshire the depth is 28 85, the lowest on the Atlantic sea-board. At Key West, Florida, the fall is comparatively slight also, being about 31 39. At Charleston, S. C. it is 33 89; at Washington D. C., 34 62; and from that place, it steadily increases as it goes North, till it reaches West Point, where it begins to decline.

The mean annual heat of the cities of the United States exhibits somewhat different results.—The most southern parts of course are the hottest; the sea-ports, in the same latitude, are cooler than inland towns. The hottest city appears to be Jackson, Mississippi, where the average temperature is 65 64 of Farenheit; the coolest is the little town of Penn Yan, in New York, which is 45 46. The tables do not include Texas however, in the South, or Maine, New Hampshire, or Vermont, in the North. Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a comparatively cool town, the average temperature being 47 48: while that of Philadelphia is 52 57. New Haven, Connecticut, is 49 00; Newark, New Jersey, 50 89; Louisville, Kentucky, 53 08; and Fort Madison Iowa, 49 62. These, be it remembered, are the average temperatures. Some of the towns mentioned above as comparatively hot, have summers unusually cool for their location; while others, with a low average temperature, are excessively sultry in July and August.

Apothecaries. It is well known to every physician, that much of the efficacy of medicines and chemicals depends upon the accuracy with which they are compounded, as well as the carefulness with which they are dispensed It is the peculiar province of the apothecary to attend to these duties; it his function; and when properly fulfilled, the confidence of the profession is merited. In Boston we have many good apothecaries, those who make it their endeavor to obtain their medicines of the best quality and purity, without regard to cost, and are careful in dispensing them. Among them may be mentioned Mr. Wm. Brown, corner of Washington and Eliot streets, whose store is fitted up in a style truly elegant; having all the modern appliances for a pharmaceutist, and the successfully carrying on of the apotheca y and drug business generally. His samples of drugs and chemicals, which we have lately had an opportunity of examining, are certainly among the most beautiful specimens we have seen, and upon their purity reliance can be placed. [Boston Medical Journal.

The Quicksilver Mines of California.—The Baltimore Patriot mentions that a company has been organized in that city, and that the stock has nearly all been taken, to work one of the quicksilver mines of California, which—according to the authentic accounts which it says have been received from those who have made an examination of it, and whose scientific knowledge gives authority to their opinions—are inexhaustible, and must yield an unexampled profit. Some idea may be formed of the value of these quicksilver mines in California, from the following extract of a letter from Gov. Burnett, of California, which he addressed to a friend in Washington.

The quicksilver mine of New Almaden, within 12 miles of this place, is valued at several millions of dollars. In a few days, Mr. Forbes informs me, they will have 26 retorts in operation, and will extract 8,000 lbs. daily, worth from $6,000 to 8,000—more than two millions annually. Only think of that! This is only one of several mines, but it is the largest.

The Sons of Temperance, and Colored Members. It will be recollected that, at the recent annual session in this city, of the National Division of this Order, a vote was passed, by 74 to 6, that the admission of colored men be declared "improper and illegal." We learn that the Grand Division (or State organization) of Massachusetts, at its quarterly session, yesterday, at Newburyport, *disavowed* and *protested* against that action by a vote of 87 to 10, and further resolved, that it would maintain the *right* of subordinate divisions under its jurisdiction, to admit, as ever, all of suitable character, who made application, without regard to *color!* The Grand Division of Rhode Island, we also learn, have taken, virtually, the same position. [Journal.

The Public Garden.—The city government have referred to the citizens of Boston the question of selling the public garden, so called, which is situated at the foot of the Common. Let any one walk by it some pleasant day, untended and rough as it is, and see the green grass waving and the flowers blooming there, and look out upon the water beyond, and the green hills of the country still farther on, and then think of the fresh untainted air that pours in an unbroken current over it into the very heart of our close and crowded city, and he would be sorry—very sorry to have it sold.

Eliot Monument at Roxbury.—The citizens of Roxbury are endeavoring to erect a monument to the memory of Eliot, the apostle of the Indians. It is proposed to place the monument in Forest Hill Cemetery; Amos Lawrence has subscribed one hundred dollars for the purpose. We hope that subscriptions enough to complete the work, in memory of so good a man, will be obtained.

Present of Cow Tails. Among the treasures brought over for the Queen, by the Nepaulese Ambassador, are twelve cow tails set in silver, this gift being considered by the Rajah of Nepaul as a mark of the greatest respect. The Rajah himself only possesses eight, and as the possession of these insignia of greatness is considered a proof of the highest position, a presentation of twelve was quite overwhelming.—The value of the gifts amounts, it is said, to about $100,000.

Funeral Honors to President Taylor. Hon. Josiah Quincy Jr. has accepted the invitation, declined by Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Ashmun on account of their engagements, to deliver an eulogy on the life and public services of the late President, before the citizens of Boston. The time for this demonstration has not been fixed upon, but will be officially announced.

Appointment. The Cambridge Chronicle states that Mr. Thomas Chase, the present efficient Sub-Master in the High School, has received the appointment of Tutor in Latin at Harvard College, until the return of George M. Lane, now in Europe, to whom the vacant professorship is to be offered.

Decision of Professor Webster's Case.—The Governor and Council have at last decided the case of Prof. Webster and affirmed the judgment of the Court. He is to be executed on Friday the thirtieth day of August next.

S. Margaret Fuller,

OR, THE MARCHIONESS D'OSSOLI.

Horace Sumner.

Our readers have probably learned from other sources the death of this gifted woman with her husband and child, by ship-wreck, in the terrible storm of last week. She was just returning to her own country after an absence of several years, and had almost reached New York, when she and all her earthly hopes and dearest friends were suddenly taken. There have been few women more richly endowed than she, or moved by a stronger intellectual enthusiasm. Her writings have always borne marks of a powerful intellect and of very extended attainments. She was untiring and self-sacrificing in her labors for the great reforms which she thought the world so needed. Her life was to her a magnificent, though a clouded vision, and the end, where all was embarked in a single ship and apparently lost, was not an unworthy symbol of what she had done, in a deeper sense, we trust, than that which appears upon the surface. As from that storm and those perishing frames, immortal souls went up, though to us unseen, so from the earnest tumultuous thoughts and labors of her life, may a purer and more peaceful influence and zeal have gone forth into the world to mingle with the ten thousand agencies which are acting for our good.

In the same ship was a young man of the most pure, unambitious, loving and gentle life, whose quiet virtues had singularly endeared him to the few who knew him, and whose death at any time could only be regarded as a blessed dispensation to him, however severe it might be to his friends. Horace Sumner, son of Charles P. Sumner, the late Sheriff of Suffolk, and brother of Charles and George Sumner, whose names are universally known, was lost at the same time with the Marchioness d'Ossoli. He was of a slender constitution, suffering much from ill health, retiring in his habits and tastes, but his memory will long be cherished by his friends with peculiar interest and affection.

The New Census. The official statement of the census of the Commonwealth is published, and shows the total population of the Commonwealth to be 973,715. The number of Senators in the Legislature, of course, remains the same; and of them, Suffolk gains, and Franklin loses, one. According to the new apportionment, the various cities and towns can send 299 Representatives to the Legislature, and, on valuation year, the number may be swelled to 438. Omitting the fractions, Suffolk is entitled to 46 Representatives (Boston to 44;) Essex to 39; Middlesex to 48; Worcester to 44: Hampshire to 7, Hampden to 13; Franklin to 6; Berkshire to 13; Norfolk to 26; Plymouth to 16; Bristol to 24; Barnstable to 12; Nantucket to 3; Dukes to 2.

In valuation year every town in the Commonwealth 13 entitled to send a Representative; and, of course, neither the aggregate of the House, nor the individual representation of the towns can be taken as a criterion of the average for the ten years.—[Courier.

Counties.	No. of Towns.	Population.	No. of Senators.	No. of Representatives every year.	Representatives Valuation year.
Suffolk,	3	145,758	6	46	7
Essex,	30	127,170	5	39	49
Middlesex,	50	155,762	5	48	68
Worcester,	58	128,565	5	44	63
Hampshire,	23	34,290	2	7	21
Franklin,	28	30,869	1	6	26
Hampden,	20	50,224	2	13	25
Berkshire,	31	48,337	2	13	33
Norfolk,	22	77,441	3	26	30
Bristol,	19	74,979	3	24	28
Plymouth,	22	51,509	2	16	29
Barnstable,	13	33,997	2	12	14
Nantucket,	3	6,777	1	2	3
Dukes,	3	4,416	1	2	3
Total,	321	973,715	40	299	438

Prize Essays at Dane Law School.—The Committee, consisting of Chief Justice Gilchrist of New Hampshire, Judge Kent of New York, and P. W. Chandler, Esq., our City Solicitor, have awarded the first prize for the best dissertation upon the subject of the "Competency of Witnesses," to Dorman Bridgman Eaton, of Burlington, Vermont. They award the second prize for the second best dissertation upon the same subject to John Cincinnatus King, of Baltimore, Md. The committee award the first prize for the best dissertation upon the subject of "Stoppage in Transitu," to Buel Bushnell, of Warren, Ohio. They award the second prize for the second best dissertation upon the same subject to George Gorham Williams of Boston Mass.

☞ Rev. William Mountford has received a call to settle over the Unitarian Society in Keene, N. H.

Erratum. In the 11th line of the notice of the address before the Alumni of the Divinity School in our last paper, for "Preacher," read *Teacher;* so that the sentence shall stand, "The minister is pre-eminently a teacher."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 11th inst, by Rev Chandler Robbins, Mr Albert W. Hastings to Miss Mary L. H. daughter of Mr Ephriam O. Bouve.

In Somerville, July 24, by Rev A. R. Pope, Mr Ebenezer W. Maynard to Miss Ann E. Williamson, both of S.

In Leicester, Mr N. Whiting Metcalf, of Pittsburg, Pa. to Miss Caroline, daughter of H. G. Henshaw, Esq.

In Bath, Me 10th inst, Dr George B. Upham, of Brunswick, to Sarah B. daughter of the late Hon Wm Richardson, of B.

DEATHS.

In this city, 19th inst, Ann Frances wife of Dr John Odin, Jr., 33 yrs.

In Yarmouth Port, 11th inst, Mr Anson Taylor, 101 yrs 8 mos.

In Greenfield, July 4, Mr Dwight Cary, 35 yrs

In West Fairlee, Vt. of cholera, Leonard Withington, Jr, 27 yrs, eldest son of Rev Leonard Withington, of Newbury, Mass.

In Philadelphia, July 14, Simon Theodore, youngest child of Simon P. and Mary M. Hastings, 6 yrs.

In St Matthew's Parish, Va. July 16, at the residence of Dr T. J. Goodwin, Major James Lovell, 92 yrs. He was a native of Massachusetts, son of the Hon James Lovell, and was born on the 9th of July, 1758. Major Lovell was well educated, graduating at Harvard College, in July, 1776.—Directly after graduating, he took a commission in the Massachusetts line, in Jackson's regiment: was in the battle of Monmouth, and in Rhode Island; and in a hard contest at Quaker's Hill, was severely wounded.

At the Commercial Hotel, in San Francisco, June 5th, after a short illness, H. B. Sargent, formerly of Worcester, Mass. aged about 34 years

In Sacramento City, of typhoid fever, 30th inst, Dr Edmund D. G. Bumstead, of Boston, Mass. late of Havana, 30 yrs.

☞ *The Ladies of the Unitarian Society* in Gloucester propose holding a FAIR, at the Town Hall, on the seventh and eighth of August, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the improvement of the interior of their Church.

They will offer for sale a variety of useful and ornamental articles, with a good assortment of Children's Clothing, wrought flannel, infant's dresses, &c.

Assistance from friends in other places will be gratefully received, and donations in any form may be sent to Messrs Crosby & Nichols, No 111 Washington street, or to Mr C. C. Smith, No 46 Kilby street, Boston, by whom they will be forwarded.

Gloucester, July 15. 1s3p 320

☞ Private Board. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

ORCHARD HILL SCHOOL.

Orchard Hill Family Boarding School. Mr. and Mrs. Mack, formerly of Cambridge, have opened their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the Fitchburg Railroad, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c., &c.

Music, Drawing, Dancing, &c., by the best Teachers in Boston.

The Second Quarter commences Monday Sept. 10th.

References.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge, Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown,) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr. and Mrs. Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston. tf marc16

BOARDING SCHOOL.

Mrs. Anna Y. Lord's Boarding School for Young Ladies, at Savin Hill Avenue, Dorchester, Mass., will commence September 16, 1850. The Principal will give her personal attention to the higher English branches, French, Spanish, and the Guitar, and will be assisted by able and experienced Teachers. The Spanish and French languages will be spoken in the family.

Board (including Fuel and Washing) and Tuition in English, French and Latin, for each Term of eleven weeks, payable in advance, ... $65.00
Day Scholars, ... 15 00
Italian, German, Drawing, Dancing and Music, on terms regulated by those of the Masters employed.

There will be two vacations during the year, one from July 16 to September 15, and one of a week at Thanksgiving.

A Day School for younger children, connected with the above, will be opened at the same time and place, under the charge of an experienced and faithful Teacher.

REFERS TO
Amos Lawrence, Esq., Boston,
Philo S. Shelton, Esq "
David Reed, Esq., Publisher of the Christian Register, Boston,
John Homans, M. D. "
Henry I. Bowditch, M. D. "
Rev. S. K. Lothrop, "
" R. C. Waterston, "
" F. D. Huntington, "
D. Humphrey Storer, M. D. "
Rev. Abram Lamson, D. D., Dedham.

Application can be made to MRS. LORD, at No. 1 Bedford Place, Boston, until September 1st, or on the premises in Dorchester. tf july27

NEW SINGING BOOK.

The "New Carmina Sacra." Perhaps no book of Church Music has had so extensive a circulation in this country as Carmina Sacra; and even now, when the press teems with professedly new music books, this work holds on its way, and is probably more generally used in the churches than any single work. Yet some portion of the tunes in the Carmina Sacra, being found less generally useful than might be wished, a thorough revision of the whole work was some months ago determined upon.

The plan has been to retain the most valuable and universally pleasing part of the former work as the basis of the new; to reject such portions as experience proved to be the least useful, and to substitute choice tunes and pieces selected from the whole range of Mr. Mason's formerly popular publications, and other works; and to append additional pages containing entirely new music. The work has been done, and in its present form doubtless comprises one of the most important collections of Church Music ever published, affording all the interest and freshness of an entirely new production, without the same liability to disappointment. The book embraces over two hundred tunes and pieces not inserted in the former collection: and Teachers of Singing Schools, Members of Choirs and Congregations cannot but find it a work of uncommon attraction. It will soon be ready for sale under the title of *The New Carmina Sacra.*

N. B.—As there will undoubtedly continue to be a demand for the original Carmina Sacra, that work will be published unaltered as heretofore.

WILKINS, CARTER & CO.,
july27 tf Publishers, 16 Water street.

The Boston Musical Institute,

Will commence in the Tremont Temple, in Boston, on TUESDAY, August 13th, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and continue in session ten days. In the regular exercises of the class, nearly twenty different collections of Church, Chorus, and Glee Music (six or seven new) will be used—the exercise for the time *being under the direction of the author of the book in use.*

The authors of most of the popular singing books now before the public, having been engaged to take part in the exercises, opportunity will be enjoyed for learning the different styles, never before offered by any similar institute. In addition to the usual exercises, one hour each forenoon and afternoon will be occupied by the performances of talented professional singers and players before the class, giving an opportunity for *hearing* approved styles of Solo, Duett, Quartette and Chorus vocal performances, as well as Organ Voluntaries, and performances on the Piano Forte, Violin, Violincello, &c. &c. on the Saturday evening which occurs during the session. A sermon will be preached before the members of the Institute in Park street church, by Rev. J. L. Stone, (pastor of the church in the Institute occupying the galleries, and performing the music.

For a full programme of the exercises, see Boston Musical Gazette. Tickets for Gentlemen, $3; Ladies, $1 each. Each gentleman purchasing a ticket will be entitled to two ladies' tickets gratis. The subscriber is entrusted with the general direction of this Institute. No pains nor expense will be spared to make it in the highest degree useful and interesting to all who attend. Further information can be obtained by applying to or addressing

A. N. JOHNSON,
Music Rooms, Tremont Temple, 88 Tremont st.,
july27 2tis Boston.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 324. 12½ cents.
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Inquire of the Publisher of the Christian Register, No. 22 School street, or at his house, No. 1 Bedford Place.
may18 istf

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Gold Filling one Tooth,	$ 50
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may4

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EDWARD HIXON,
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☞ In accordance with the above arrangement, the subscriber has removed to Boston, 170 Washington Street, where he will be pleased to wait upon his friends and old patrons, and execute any orders that they may entrust to his care.
dec2

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

"Help thou Mine Unbelief."

Help thou mine unbelief,
Who hear'st the sinner's cry
To thee I turn to seek relief,
For thou art ever nigh.

And thou wilt always hear
A true repentant call;
And wilt incline thy gracious ear,
Without reserve, to all.

A just and perfect man
Finds favor in thy sight—
But not such grace as sinners can,
Who turn and walk aright.

Help thou mine unbelief,
And grant me what I need;
Dry up my tears, assuage my grief,
Thy pardon too concede;

For I've forsook the ways
To which I fondly clung;
And I have learnt to sing thy praise,
Which was so long unsung. A.

Alleen Asthore's Epitaph.

[We take pleasure in placing before our readers the following little gem, which we regard as one of the choicest things of the kind we have ever seen. We find it in a contemporary paper, not credited to any author, nor do we know its origin. It is one of those chaste and simple pieces, the full richness and finish of which does not appear on the first perusal. Very beautiful is the thought in the last stanza but one, in which the dripping of the rocks, usually associated with ideas of gloom and repulsion, as connected with the tomb, is made a simple and touching expression of mute grief. Nature herself from the insensible rock, weeping for the withered flower at her feet. Congregationalist.]

Here in this little cave,
The prettiest nook of this most grassy vale,
All amid lilies pale,
That turn
Their heads into my little vault and mourn,
Stranger, I have made my grave.

I am not forgot;
A small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,
And o'er me a green willow
Doth weep;
Still questioning the air, "Why doth she sleep,
The girl in this cold spot?"

Even the way winds
Come to my cave and sigh; they often bring
Rose leaves upon their wing,
To strew
O'er my earth, and leaves of violet blue;
In sooth, leaves of all kinds.

Fresh in my mossy bed,
The frequent pity of the rocks fall here,
A sweet, cold, silent tear,
I've heard,
Sometimes, a wild and melancholy bird
Warble at my grave head.

Read the small tablet o'er
That holds mine epitaph upon its cheeks of pearl;
"Here lies a simple girl,
Who died
Like a pale flower nipt in its sweet spring tide,
Ere it had bloomed"—No more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POWER OF MERCY.

Quiet enough, in general, is the quaint old town of Lamborough. Why all this bustle today! Along the hedge-bound roads which lead to it, carts, chaises, vehicles of every description are jogging along, filled with countrymen; from every cottage of the suburb some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets till it reaches the castle. The voice of the multitude which surrounds the court-house, sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is raised to a sort of shout. John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep-stealer and burglar, had been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

"The answer is, "Transportation for life."

But there was one standing aloof on the hill, whose inquiring eye wandered over the crowd with indescribable anguish; whose pallid cheek grew more and more ghastly at every denunciation of the culprit; and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensible upon the greensward. It was the burglar's son.

When the boy recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone; the faint tinkling of the sheep-bell had again replaced the sound of the human chorus of expectation, and dread, and jesting; all was peaceful; he could not understand why he lay there feeling so weak and sick. All his life of the last few months floated before his memory—his residence in his father's hovel with ruffianly comrades, the desperate schemes he heard as he pretended to sleep on his lowly bed, their expeditions at night, masked and armed, their hasty returns, the news of his father's capture, his own removal to the house of some female in the town, the court, the trial, the condemnation.

The father had been a harsh and brutal parent, but he had not positively ill-used his boy. Of the great and merciful Father of the fatherless the child knew nothing. He deemed himself alone in the world. Yet grief was not his pervading feeling, nor the shame of being known as the son of a transport. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd which had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them to pieces, and he plucked savagely a handful of the grass on which he leant. Oh, that he were a man! that he could punish them all—the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witnesses,—one of them especially, a clergyman named Leyton, who had given his evidence more clearly than all the others. Oh, that he could do that man some injury,—but for him his father would not have been identified and convicted."

Suddenly a thought occurred to him,—his eyes sparkled with fierce delight. "I know where he lives," he said to himself; "he has the farm and parsonage of Millwood. I will go there at once,—it is almost dark already. I will do as I have heard father say he once did to the squire. I will set his barns and his house on fire. Yes, yes, he shall burn for it,—he shall get no more fathers transported.

To procure a box of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparation the boy made.

The autumn was far advanced. A cold wind was beginning to moan amongst the almost leafless trees, and George West's teeth chattered, and his ill-clad limbs grew numb as he walked along the fields leading to Millwood. "Lucky it's a dark night; the fine wind will fan the flame nicely," he repeated to himself.

The clock was striking nine, but all was quiet as midnight: not a soul stirring, not a light in the parsonage window that he could see. He dared not open the gate, lest the clink of the latch should betray him, so he softly climbed over; but scarcely had he dropped on the other side of the wall before the loud barking of a dog startled him. He cowered down behind the hay-rick, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was some time before the boy dared to stir. Once more he rose, took the box from his pocket, and boldly drew one of the matches across the sand-paper. It flamed; he stuck it hastily in the stack against which he rested,—it only flickered a little, and went out. In great trepidation, young West then grasped the whole of the remaining matches in his hand, and ignited them, but at the same instant the dog barked. He hears the gate open, a step is close to him, the matches are extinguished, the lad makes a desperate effort to escape; but a strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and a deep, calm voice inquired, "What can have urged you to such a crime?" Then calling loudly, the gentleman, without relinquishing his hold, soon obtained the help of some farming men, who commenced a search with their lanterns all about the farm. Of course they found no accomplices, nothing at all but the handful of half-consumed matches the lad had dropped; and he all that time stood trembling, and occasionally struggling, beneath the firm but not rough grasp of the master who held him.

At last the two men were told to return to the house; and thither by a different path, was George led, till they entered a small, poorly-finished room. The walls were covered with books, as the bright flame of the fire revealed to the anxious gaze of the little culprit. The clergyman lit a lamp, and surveyed his prisoner attentively. The lad's eyes were fixed on the ground, whilst Mr. Leyton's wandered from his pale, pinched features to his scanty, ragged attire, through the tatters of which he could discern the thin limbs quivering from cold or fear; and when at last, impelled by curiosity at the long silence, George looked up, there was something so sadly compassionate in the stranger's gentle look, that the boy could scarcely believe that he was really the man whose evidence had mainly contributed to transport his father. At the trial he had been unable to see his face, and nothing so kind had ever gazed upon him. His proud, bad feelings were already melting.

"You look half-starved," said Mr. Leyton; "draw nearer to the fire; you can sit down on that stool whilst I question you; and mind you answer me the truth. I am not a magistrate, but of course can easily hand you over to justice if you will not allow me to benefit you in my own way."

George still stood twisting his ragged cap in his trembling fingers, and with so much emotion depicted on his face, that the good clergyman resumed, in still more soothing accents; "I have no wish to do you anything but good, my poor boy; look up at me, and see if you cannot trust me; you need not be thus frightened. I only desire to hear the tale of misery your appearance indicates, to relieve it if I can."

Here the young culprit's heart smote him. Was this the man whose house he had tried to burn? on whom he had wished to bring ruin, and perhaps death? Was it a snare spread for him to lead to confession? But when he looked on that grave, compassionate countenance, he felt that it was not.

"Come, my lad, tell me all."

George had for years heard little but oaths, and curses, and ribald jests, or the the thief's jargon of his father's associates, and had been constantly cuffed and punished; but the better part of his nature was not extinguished; and at those words from the mouth of his *enemy*, he dropped on his knees, and, clasping his hands, tried to speak: but could only sob. He had not wept before during that day of anguish; and now his tears gushed forth so freely, his grief was so passionate as he half knelt, half rested on the floor, that the good questioner saw that sorrow must have its course ere calm could be restored.

The young penitent still wept, when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady entered. It was the clergyman's wife; he kissed her as she asked how he had succeeded with the wicked man in jail!

"He told me," replied Mr. Leyton, "that he had a son whose fate tormented him more than his punishment. Indeed, his mind was so distracted respecting the youth, that he was scarcely able to understand my exhortations. He entreated me, with agonizing energy, to save him from such a life as he had led, and gave me the address of a woman in whose house he lodged. I was, however, unable to find the boy in spite of many earnest inquiries."

"Did you hear his name?" asked the wife.

"George West," was the reply.

At the mention of his name, the boy ceased to sob. Breathlessly he heard the account of his father's last request, and of the benevolent clergyman's wish to fulfil it. He started up, ran towards the door, and endeavored to open it; Mr. Leyton calmly restrained him, "You must not escape," he said.

"I cannot stop here. I cannot bear to look at you. Let me go!" The lad said this wildly, and shook himself away.

"Why, I intend you nothing but kindness."

A new flood of tears gushed forth; and George West said between his sobs:

"Whilst you were searching for me to help me, I was trying to burn you in your house. I cannot bear it." He sunk on his knees, and covered his face with both hands.

There was a long silence, for Mr. and Mrs. Leyton were as much moved as the boy, who was bowed down with shame and penitence, to which hitherto he had been a stranger.

At last the clergyman asked, "What could have induced you to commit such a crime?"

Rising suddenly in the excitement of remorse, gratitude, and many feelings new to him, he hesitated for a moment, and then told his story; he related his trials, his sins, his sorrows, his supposed wrongs, his burning anger at the terrible fate of his only parent, and his rage at the exultation of the crowd—his desolation on recovering from his swoon, his thirst for vengeance, the attempt to satisfy it. He spoke with untaught, child-like simplicity, without attempting to suppress the emotions which successively overcame him.

When he ceased, the lady hastened to the crouching boy, and soothed him with gentle words. The very tones of her voice were new to him. They pierced his heart more acutely than the fiercest of the upbraidings and denunciations of his old companions. He looked on his merciful benefactors with bewildered tenderness. He kissed Mrs. Leyton's hand, then gently laid on his shoulder. He gazed about like one in a dream who dreaded to wake. He became faint and staggered. He was laid gently on a sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyton left him.

Food was shortly administered to him, and after a time, when his senses had become sufficiently collected, Mr. Leyton returned to the study, and explained holy and beautiful things, which were new to the neglected boy; of the great yet loving Father; of Him who loved the poor, forlorn wretch, equally with the richest, and noblest, and happiest; of the force and efficacy of the sweet beatitude, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

I heard this story from Mr. Leyton, during a visit to him in May. George West was then head ploughman to a neighboring farmer, one of the cleanest, best behaved, and most respected laborers in the parish. [Household Words.

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

It is remarkable that so little attention is paid to the preservation of health, at least while health remains, when only is preservation possible. Pleasure seekers continually commit excesses which shorten life. Men, ambitious of wealth or fame, tax the brain beyond its capacity. Families will live, year after year, in damp, crowded, or ill-ventilated apartments. Mothers will select as a nursery and sleeping room for infant children the smallest chamber in the dwelling, and the one with the lowest ceiling. Persons, otherwise with sense and prudence, will indulge in dishes that experience proves to be unsuited to them, or will gorge themselves over otherwise healthy food. Proper bathing is neglected. People when fatigued, will throw themselves down in a current of air, to sleep, though perfectly aware that in the relaxation that ensues, the draught will give them a cold Slight affections of the throat and lungs are disregarded, until the evil becomes serious, perhaps incurable.—Exercise is neglected by persons of sedentary employments. Nervous individuals, instead of avoiding, will seek excitement. Farmers inhabiting marshy districts will overlook every consideration of prudence, and thus sacrifice themselves to slow agues or violent fevers. In short, the laws of physical existence are violated in every way, and only when the long series of follies begin to tell on the constitution is attention directed to the subject. Then the sufferer thinks of his health; but alas! too late. The vitality has gone; the victim becomes a valetudinarian: and after a few miserable years of suffering, life goes prematurely out.

This neglect of the laws of our physical being cannot be too much reprehended. Many a man, through ignorance or neglect of these laws, has shortened life materially, besides leaving impaired constitutions to his progeny. Persons who might have lived to seventy, or even a hundred, cut themselves off at fifty or sixty; while others, with still more suicidal policy, wear out their lives at forty, or even earlier. What, between the deleterious influence of many of our conventional habits, and the still more injurious effect of each individual's carelessness or excess, the average of human life is shortened twenty per cent. if not more. If we would all study the laws of existence, the "three score and ten" of the Hebrew prophet would be far less rarely attained. Half the time wasted on profitless discussions, indifferent books, or unsatisfying pleasures, would render the subject of health, the laws of life and the best means of prolonging existence, familiar with all. Imprudence would then be comparatively little known. Excesses of body or mind, except among the wicked or reckless, would disappear. A healthy, robust and happy race would fill our borders; the curse of hereditary disease would vanish; and man, as in the primeval Paradise would stand up the perfect image of his Maker. [Phila. Bulletin.

PIC-NIC EXCURSION.

The Unitarian Society and Sunday School of this city, to the number of little more than one hundred, together with a few friends, went out yesterday on a rural Pic-Nic Excursion to what is called 'Cottage Grove,' three and a half miles from the city. At ten o'clock in the morning we assembled at the church, and at eleven started in irregular procession with omnibuses, coaches, buggies, wagons, &c. for the Grove. It was very warm, and towards night we were threatened, though fortunately not visited with a shower. With the exception of this, the day throughout was clear and bright. We might have wished it cooler, but as the Grove was thick, and situated immediately upon the shore of Lake Michigan, we could have the satisfaction of thinking that, notwithstanding we were a little warmer than we might wish, yet we were far more comfortable in this respect than if we were in the crowded city. It is pleasant, too, when one is subdued to quietness by the fervent heat of a summer's sun, to feel totally exempt from care and labor. The plan of the arrangement of the Pic-Nic was quite similar to that of the Pic-Nics which of late years has become so common at the East;—that is to say, the entertainment is made up of both grave and gay, the freer enjoyments being prominent, the more serious exercises occupying a subordinate place. The repast as usual on such occasions was contributed by families of the society, and was a good and most abundant one, which was certainly fortunate, for who ever knew as hungry a place as the woods? It was contributed under the expectation of a company of a hundred or a hundred and fifty persons; yet on seeing the loaded table, one would almost have thought that 'five thousand' might be fed; and it is quite certain that in conclusion we had more than 'twelve baskets' full left, About one hundred and thirty persons were present. The pastor of the society, Rev. Mr. Shippen, is absent now at the East. His place on this occasion, however, was most happily and satisfactorily filled by the Rev. Mr. Harrington, now of Hartford Conn., but who was the pioneer in the formation and establishment of the Unitarian church and society in Chicago. The prayer by Mr. Harrington was fervent and impressive, and his remarks were felicitious and appropriate, being in simple style, admirably adapted to impress and interest the younger portion of his hearers—for whom they, and indeed the occasion itself, were more particularly designed. The children played, and romped and sung: and I trust the older and larger growth of children will not deem it libelous if I report that some of them shared in these self-same things. Then there was walking and riding about in the woods, singing songs, lounging on the grass, watching the clouds, and the lake and its vessels, telling stories, singing songs &c. I should not omit to mention, that in the course of the arranged exercises, were several hymns prepared for such an occasion, which were sung by pastor, parents, teachers, children and friends, to the several airs of 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'America,' and 'Bonnie Doon.'

Both sexes and all ages worked harmoniously for a common object. These were brought pleasantly together both in the preparations and the enjoyments of the occasion. There are some beneficial effects which usually attend and flow from occasions of this sort; but the inhabitants of the prairie city are pre-eminently the persons to enjoy a day of recreative rest and amusement *in the woods*. We hear of no accidents and losses and knew of nothing rude connected with the excursion. It passed off pleasantly and we believe satisfactorily to all. [Chicago Tribune.

THE POSTAGE SYSTEM IN ENGLAND. The following account of the postage system in England is taken from a correspondent of the Boston Post.

There are some things in the British post office establishment that might well be copied in the United States. Here there is a *free* letter delivery in all the towns and cities. The post office messengers and letter carriers are all paid out of the post office department. Then in remitting money, *millions* are sent annually, with perfect safety to those sending. 'Post office orders' are given by all the principal offices, on any other principal offices, which are cashed at sight. A blank form is filled up, the money is received of the person wishing to remit, and for all sums less than £2, three pence per annum or 'exchange' is paid; and on sums from 2 to 5 pounds, six pence per annum is paid. It is a very light tax, is perfectly safe, and the fees for 'exchange' actually bring considerable revenue to the department. Each letter pays a penny postage, and is at most invariably paid in advance. If not paid in advance, then two pence are charged, and if refused, it is returned, broken open, and the writer must pay the double postage. Each half ounce make a postage. Letters sent to the United States pay a shilling postage, which can be prepaid or not—optional with the sender. To France, postage is 10 pence. Newspapers sent to the United States pay a penny here, before starting, and two cents there; and the same coming this way, the postage on each side being paid in advance. The newspapers that go from here must be stamped, and less than a week old, or they cannot go. I see no good reason for that last proviso. All unstamped papers and other printed matter or pamphlets, if sent to the United States, must be paid in advance, a penny if less than 2oz in weight, but if over 2 or less than 3 oz. 6 pence and an increase of 2d for every oz. beyond that. Here is one very excellent rule that we ought to adopt: books, if less than half a pound weight, can go by mail within the United Kingdom, if enveloped and left open at the ends, and 6 pence if postage stamps be prepaid. If over half a pound, and less than a pound, the postage is a shilling.

If books properly enveloped, could go by mail in the United States, it would be a great convenience to the public, and thus distribute information cheaply. We must come to the following rate of postage, soon. Single letters three cents if paid in advance, and 5 cents if not paid in advance. Stamps could be issued for the three cent postages. To show how almost universally stamps and prepayment of postage is adopted here, I will mention that since I have been in the kingdom I have probably received over 500 letters, and I do not recollect of receiving but one that was not prepaid; and more than nineteen twentieths are paid by stamps, with gum'd similar to our P. O. stamps. Here they have *red* stamps at a penny, for single postages, *blue* ones at 2 pence, for double postages, or to use on books sent by mail; and an embossed *green* stamp at a shilling. U. S. transiantic postages. There is also a *brown* embossed ten penny stamp for postages to France. Every postage stamp has on it a profile view of her majesty; and in common parlance they are called, *Queen's heads.*'

SLAVERY "May slavery, with all its agents, its minions, its apologists, be forever banished from the home of the free! I have but a word more, Mr. President, and the patience of the Senate shall be no longer abused. Age, physical weakness, decay of mental vigor, all conspire to warn me that I stand near to the boundary of that land where all things are forgotten. But, beyond that land of darkness and oblivion, if we may believe the prophetic vision of the apocalyptic Seer, there is an awful tribunal,—a Judge, before whose face the earth will flee away, and the heavens vanish as a scroll—before whom the small and great will stand,—not merely the small, the weak, the poor, the ignorant, the down-trodden, and despised ones of the earth, but also the great, the wise, the rich, the powerful, the masters of the earth, the cunning statesman and the eloquent orator, will there stand, and be judged out of the things which are written in the book, according to their works. I bless God that in that awful day, though my sins may out-number the hairs of my head, and my crimes be of the color of scarlet or crimson, the damning sin of upholding slavery will not rest upon my head. Of that crime, at least, my soul shall be forever free" [J. T. Buckingham.

A few men furnish ideas. The rest only combine, express, and apply them.

LIFE'S SECOND MORNING. Says a correspondent of the New York Evening Post: There are not many more beautiful lines in the English language—there are none so beautiful in the writings of their author—as those of Mrs. Barbauld, which the poet Rogers is so fond of repeating to his friends, in his fine, deliberate manner, with just enough of tremulousness in that grave voice of his to give his recitation the effect of deep feeling.

"Life; we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night, but in some happier clime,
Bid me good morning."

It makes the thought of death cheerful to represent it thus, as Life looking in upon you with a glad greeting, amidst fresh airs and glorious light. The lines I refer to were written by Mrs. Barbauld in her late old age; and I do not wonder that the aged poet, who some years since entered upon the fifth scorce of his years, should find them haunting his memory.

A GOOD REMEDY. Deacon Hunt who was naturally a high tempered man, used to to beat his oxen over the heads, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

FOR CHILDREN.

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"Will you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L—— was very ill—indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with her pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white; her eyes were growing dull and glazed; and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the cold attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's holy word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men, spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling roused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! how little did he realize then the irreparable loss which he was soon to sustain!

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, *never* forget it:—'*When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.*" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold—a corpse wrapped in the winding sheet, and ready for the grave.

This was her *last lesson*. He has never forgotten it, he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a *good* man, and now occupies a post of much honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced—the Lord has taken her darling up.

My little reader, if you have God for your friend you need never fear. Father and mother may forsake you, the world may seem to you like a dreary waste, full of thorns and pitfalls, but He can bring you safely through trials, and give you a golden harp and a snowy robe, like those the justified wear in heaven. He can even surround your death-bed by angel visitants.

"He is all powerful, an ever present help in time of trouble." Will you not then seek his friendship? This you can never gain unless you keep his commadments." Do you keep these? Do you not only "abstain from evil," but from the slightest "appearance of evil?" These are solemn and soul-searching questions. If you are compelled by truth to answer them in the negative, will you not change your course and begin to-day to live for God? Perhaps some very little boy or girl may read this story of little Roger, and turn away from the reflections here at the close, saying, "I am too young to become a Christian yet; by-and-by I will keep all of God's commandments, and be very good indeed." My little friend, you are not too young to die. Perhaps you may not live to fulfil your design of becoming a Christian in some future hour. Better begin *now!* Trust me when I say to you, *you are not too young.* [Southern Presbyterian

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 6 Allston street, and is now fitting it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cherished desires.

The terms will be the same as heretofore: Twenty-five Dollars per quarter, or One Hundred Dollars per year, all branches included, payable semi annually in January and July.

Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bulfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

ORCHARD HILL SCHOOL.

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr. and Mrs. Mack, formerly of Cambridge, have opened their Boarding School in a well arranged and furnished house, expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the Fitchburg Railroad, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c., &c.

Music, Drawing, Dancing, &c., by the best Teachers in Boston.

The Second Quarter commences Monday Sept. 10th.

REFERENCES.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge; Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown) Boston. 4t marl6

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT FRAMINGHAM.

THE Summer Term of this School will commence on Tuesday, the first day of June next. A small number of pupils will be received into the Subscriber's family; and the constant care and attention of himself and his wife will be devoted to them, as regards both their intellectual and moral training.

Terms:—$132, per annum.

REFERENCES. Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, Wm. H. Knight, Esq., Wm. H. Foster, Esq., (Cashier Grocers' Bank) Boston; Rev. A. R. Baker, Medford; Rev. H. F. Eides, Woburn; Mr. J. W. Brown, and J. S. Wheeler, Esq., Framingham. RUFUS F. BREWER.

Framingham, May 11, 1850. 3mos

The Spanish Language.

THE Subscriber, ten years resident in Cuba, wishes to give instruction in the *SPANISH LANGUAGE*, to classes or individuals. Apply at No. 1 Bedford Place, where terms and hours will be made known.

Refer to Amos Lawrence, Esq.; Rev. S. K Lothrop; Philo S. Shelton, Esq.

June 15. tf. MRS. ANNA Y. LORD.

GREAT COUGH REMEDY.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

IN offering to the community this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men, and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Many *proofs* are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

FROM BENJ. SILLIMAN, M. D., L. L. D., ETC.

Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c., Yale College, Member of the Lit. Hist. Med. Phil. and Scien. Societies of America and Europe.

"I deem the CHERRY PECTORAL an admirable composition from some of the best articles in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the class of diseases it is intended to cure."

New Haven, Ct., Nov. 1, 1849

PROF. CLEAVELAND, of Bowdoin College, Maine, Writes—"I have witnessed the effects of your 'CHERRY PECTORAL' in my own family and that of my friends, and it gives me satisfaction to state in its favor that no medicine I have ever known has proved so eminently successful in curing diseases of the throat and lungs."

REV. DR. OSGOOD

Writes—"That he considers 'CHERRY PECTORAL' the best medicine for Pulmonary Affections ever given to the public," and states that "his daughter, after being obliged to keep the room four months with severe settled cough, accompanied by raising of blood, night sweats, and the attendant symptoms of Consumption commenced the use of the 'CHERRY PECTORAL,' and had completely recovered."

HEAR THE PATIENT.

Dr. Ayer—Dear Sir: For two years I was afflicted with a very severe cough, accompanied by spitting of blood and profuse night sweats. By the advice of my attending physician I was induced to use your CHERRY PECTORAL, and continued to do so till I considered myself cured, and ascribe the effect to your preparation.

JAMES RANDALL.

Hampden, ss. SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 27, 1848

This day appeared the above named James Randall, and pronounced the above statement true in every respect.

LORENZO NORTON, Justice.

THE REMEDY THAT CURES

PORTLAND, Me., Jan. 10, 1847.

Dr. Ayer: I have been long afflicted with *Asthma* which grew yearly worse until last autumn; it brought on a cough which confined me in my chamber, and began to assume the alarming symptoms of consumption. I had tried the best advice and the best medicine to no purpose, until I used your CHERRY PECTORAL, which has cured me, and you may well believe me. Gratefully yours,

J. D. PHELPS.

If there is any value in the judgment of the wise, who speak from experience, here is a medicine worthy of the public confidence.

PREPARED BY J. C. AYER, CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.

And sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally throughout the country.

June 22. 3m

NEW HYMN BOOK.
CHRISTIAN HYMNS;
FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.
NINETEENTH EDITION.

THE Subscribers would ask the particular attention of Clergymen, and of Churches and Societies generally, to this new and highly approved Collection of Hymns for Public Worship, prepared expressly to meet the wants of the societies of our denomination. The compilers have endeavored to prepare a more lyrical collection than most of those now in use, better adapted for singing, and containing a greater variety of metres. They have sought to make the book what the present state of our churches and societies demands, and have consulted, for that purpose, not only different clergymen, but leaders of choirs, and many other persons of taste and judgment.

Although this book has been published less than four years, it is now used in *fifty* of our Societies, and this fact is considered sufficient to show the estimation in which it is held, and the manner in which it has teod the test of comparison with other Collections.

The following are some of the peculiar merits of the Christian Hymns:—the number of hymns is very large; the variety of subjects and metres is very great; the hymns are better adapted for singing; the plan of arrangment is improved; and the price is very low.

The following is a list of places where the Christian Hymns is in use.

MAINE.

Belfast; Thomaston; Bath.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Dublin; Keene, Peterboro'; Wilton; Concord Manchester; Fitzwilliam.

VERMONT.

Pomfret; Windsor.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Hollis Street Society; Twelfth Society; New North; Broadway Society, Boston; Lee Street Society, Divinity School, Cambridge; East Cambridge; Hingham; East Medway; Barnstable; Taunton; Hopkinton; Bridgewater; East Bridgewater; West Bridgewater; Harvard; Roxbury; Concord; Stow; Worcester; Upton; Fitchburg; West Newton; Lawrence Dedham; Gloucester; Northboro'; Woburn; Wrentham; Dorchester; New Bedford; Ware.

NEW YORK; Troy.

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LOUISIANA; New Orleans.

☞ Copies furnished for examination.

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The late Dr. Wm. Ireland, an eminent physician of the city of New York, says: "I am myself so fully satisfied of the very extraordinary and powerful effect of the medicated Vapor Baths, as an aid to general practice, that I would not be without them for all that I have hitherto known of my profession."

Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston, says, "The Vapor Bath is a remedy that I have been in the habit of employing for many years. My experience of it has led me to consider one of the most powerful and efficacious applications, when judiciously employed."

Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of this city, says, "under the judicious guidance of a responsible physician, we feel warranted in saying that great good, in a restoration of impaired health, may be effected by the Medicated Vapor Baths."

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Dr. Moses Holbrook, of Charleston, S. C. says, "The Medicated Vapor Bath has been the means of restoring my beloved wife to a comfortable state of health, and has been the sole means of her enjoying it in a degree that she never could have experienced without its aid. When she was first carried to the Bath she was at death's door from pulmonary consumption of long standing."

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This is one of the most extensive and best arranged Institutions of the kind in this country. The subscriber hopes that his long experience in managing such an Institution, will give him the confidence and patronage of the public.

MASON M. MILES, M. D.

Boston, Nov. 10, 1849. ia3m&os

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